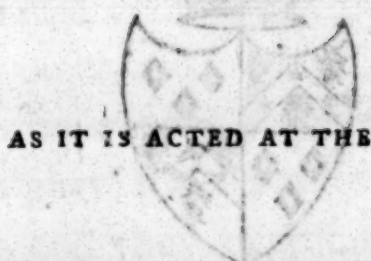


THE
MAN OF TEN THOUSAND:

A
COMEDY.



THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE.

BY
THOMAS HOLCROFT.

K

LONDON:

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1796.

MAN OF TEN THOUSAND:



THOMAS WOLCROFT

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ADVERTISEMENT.

THE character of Major Rampart was intended to represent one of those persons who imagine they have uttered volumes, without having said a word : whose eager looks inform us how important they suppose their own conceptions to be ; but, being too mighty for utterance, language sinks under them, and they expect the assent and applause of their companions to their Humphs? Hays? and expletives. These expletives, as used by the Major, are omitted in representation ; because they offended. They are here restored, and left to the consideration of the reader. It may be necessary to add, they should not be pronounced in an articulate and emphatical manner ; but with a half-muttering rapidity : accompanied by equally rapid glances, looking round for, and demanding, admiration.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Dorington	-	-	-	Mr. KEMBLE.
Hairbrain	-	-	-	Mr. BANNISTER, jun.
Sir Pertinax Pitiful	-	-	-	Mr. BARRYMORE.
Lord Laroon	-	-	-	Mr. PALMER.
Major Rampart	-	-	-	Mr. R. PALMER.
Confol	-	-	-	Mr. SUETT.
Curfew	-	-	-	Mr. DODD.
Hudson	-	-	-	Mr. AICKIN.
Herbert	-	-	-	Mr. WEWITZER.
Robert	-	-	-	Mr. TRUEMAN.
Thomas	-	-	-	Mr. MADDOX.
Clerk	-	-	-	Mr. PHILLIMORE.
Footmen.				
Mob.				
Lady Taunton	-	-	-	Miss POPE.
Olivia	-	-	-	Miss FARREN.
Annabel	-	-	-	Mrs. GIBBS.
Girl	-	-	-	Miss TIDSWELL.

THE
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COMEDY.

ACT I.

SCENE I. *A superb ball, with a grand stair-case, illuminated by chandeliers. The Maître d'Hôtel on the top, at the drawing-room door. Footman, below, calls—*

Foot. **B**ARON Steinberg's carriage is ready.
Maît. d'H. (*Above*) Baron Steinberg's carriage.

The Baron comes from the drawing-room door, and descends the stair-case.

Foot. The ambassador's carriage!

Foreign ambassador descends: his footmen in gaudy livery, attending below.

Foot. Lord Lackwit's coach.

Several persons descend together: among the rest, Lord LARON, Major RAMPART, Mr. CONSOL, Mr. CURFEW and Sir PERTINAX PITIFUL.

Con. (*To some persons going*) Your Lordship will go? (*To another*) Good night to your grace!

B

Cur.

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Cur. (*To Lord Laroon*) With submission, my Lord, do you know that impertinent person?

Lord L. Certainly: so do you. It is Consol; the great Court and City Broker.

Cur. Pardon me, I transact business with him; but I don't know him. I wonder our friend Dorington admits such people.

Sir P. Oh! He is the right hand man of the whole Peerage!

Lord L. (*Bows*) And of the Baronets to boot, Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. Yes; We have him in turn.

Cur. Under correction, the man has all the vulgar insolence of wealth, newly and knavishly acquired.

Sir P. Very true. The fellow makes himself quite familiar. By the bye, our friend here lives in prodigious splendour.

Maj. Blow me to atoms! Immensely rich.

Lord L. His West India property is incredible.

Maj. Then his generosity of soul! Humph: Hay? Damme! Unbounded! Humph?

Cur. With great deference (*Looking at them sarcastically*) I wish he had a little more discrimination.

Con. (*Coming forward*) What, our friend above?

Lord L. Surrounded by a selfish set!

Sir P. Oh! A vile crew!

Cur. (*Looking round*) Each, I presume, has a design upon him.

Con. To be sure! That is natural.

Lord L. (*Looking at Sir P.*) One borrows his money.

Sir P. (*Looking at the Major*) Another his interest.

Maj. (*At Lord L.*) A third makes his house his Hotel: Humph?

Lord

Lord L. (*At Curfew*) A fourth hopes to trick him into marriage.

Cur. (*At Lord L.*) A fifth picks his pocket by gambling.

Sir P. He has not one true friend.

Maj. Well, he can afford it! Do you take me? Humph? Hay? Damme! Humph?

Con. You are all wrong, and he is right. You do not understand calculation. He has a scheme! A plan! Popularity! Parliament! Pension! Place!

Maj. And perhaps Prime—Humph? Hay? Do you take me? Damme! Humph?

Con. Why does he give such dinners? To serve himself, to be sure! I never ask a man to dinner, that I do not mean to get something by.

Cur. I believe you.

Con. Believe me? Ay certainly! You do the same. Why here, now, do I stand prating to you! What do I get by it? Nothing. Then why do I stay? Because I am a fool! If you wanted forty or fifty thousand now, upon good security, and were pinched into a premium, it might be worth my while: but you are a sly filcher. There is nothing to be got by you: so, good night. Sir Pertinax: the Mortgagee will be at my house at two to-morrow.

Sir P. I will not fail.

Con. Dorington knows what he is about. Never ask a man to dinner, that you do not mean to get something by. Never! [*Exit.*]

Lord L. (*Looking after him*) A very contemptible scoundrel!

Sir P. A pitiful rascal!

Maj. No soul! Humph? Hay? Damme! Only means to pick our friend's pocket, Humph? Hay? Do you take me? Damme! Humph?

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Lord L. Why now, Major, you hope for promotion through Dorington's interest.

Maj. Who, I?

Sir P. Aided by his purse.

Maj. Blow me to atoms! I?

Cur. I speak it with great deference, but you have petitioned him.

Maj. Mr. Curfew, you have a very polite way with you; otherwise—But you have remarked how hot I am.

Cur. Pardon me, I never saw a man more cool.

Maj. You are pleased to compliment—Sir but my blood and—Gentlemen, I will tell you a story.

Lord L. Pray do not.

Maj. An affair that happened between me and Herr General Von Dondertronic.

Sir P. I will be gone. My feelings will not suffer me to see my friends make themselves ridiculous.

Lord L. I know your feelings are prodigiously troublesome to you, Sir Pertinax.

Sir P. It is my misfortune. Major, go on with your story. You tell it excellently, and often. Adieu. [Exit.

Maj. I chanced to affirm at Laudohn's Levee (I served the Emperor at that time) to affirm that Frederic the Great commanded the right wing, in person, at the battle of Prague. Mein Herr, said Von Dondertronic, very respectfully taking off his hat (I give you his manner and phrase) Mein Herr, you am a committa mistake a. Carnage and gunpowder, General, said I, interrupting him, do you mean to tell me that I am mistaken? Von Dondertronic was as daring as he was polite. Herr Mayor, said he, for this von littel timea you am a committa mistake a—He knew it was signing his own

own death warrant, damme! Humph? Hay? Yet he said it! Blow me to atoms, said I, a barrel of gunpowder! Quick! And a fire-brand! Humph? Hay? Do you take me? Damme! Humph? Contradict me?—Sir, the gunpow—

Cur. With humble submission, Major, you never tell this story twice the same way.

Maj. Gentlemen, the gunpowder was brought.

Cur. The last time, you said that, luckily, there was none in the Camp;

Maj. Body of Belzebub!—My Lord, it was an affair of honour. Laudohn, the Generalissimo, attended to see that all was in rule.

Cur. You said he put you both under arrest.

Maj. Blow me to atoms! Sir, do you tell the story.

Cur. With submission, Sir, I never tell stories that I do not believe.

Maj. No, Sir? Why then, carnage and flames! you are no story-teller. Humph?

Lord L. Come, come, be merciful, my dear Mr. Curfew. The Major's stories, like himself, are very inoffensive.

Maj. I? A soldier inoffensive! Blow me to—Humph? Hay?

Lord L. Nay, is it not a soldier's duty to keep the king's peace?

Maj. Right! Your Lordship is right! Humph? Hay? Damme! I know a soldier's duty! Humph? [Calls] Hola! Where are my rascals? [Enter Footman.] Order my carriage.

Foot. It is at the door, Sir. [Exit.

Maj. Mr. Curfew, you are a very polite—Humph? Hay? Do you take me? Damme! Humph?

Cur. Excuse my temerity, but I do not take—
Maj.

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Maj. You beg pardon and make concessions very apropos. Humph? Hay? My Lord? Damme! Humph?

Cur. With great deference, I make no concessions; and should be glad you—

Maj. Sir, my carriage is waiting. Sir, (*Seriously*) I know a soldier's duty. Do you take me? Humph? Hay? Damme! Humph? [*Exit.*

Lord L. Of which retreating is a very essential part.

Cur. (*Calling after him*) With submission, Sir, you are no soldier.

Lord L. Calm yourself, my good Mr. Curfew.

Cur. Under correction, my Lord, I am calm.

Lord L. Ha, ha, ha! Your contradiction and the Major's acquiescence are very amusing.

Cur. With deference to your Lordship's superior judgment, I deny what you say.

Lord L. I knew you would.

Cur. With humble submission, of that I doubt.

Lord L. Very well, Mr. Curfew.

Cur. Excuse me, it is not very well. I am not amusing, and have less contradiction than any man breathing.

Lord L. I perceive, Mr. Curfew, you perfectly know yourself.

Cur. Pardon me, I do not know myself.

Lord L. *Diavolo!* There is no pleasing you, Mr. Curfew.

Cur. Under favour, no man is so easily pleased.

Lord L. Ha, ha, ha! Right, Mr. Curfew, very right! You have it every way! You are neither this, that, nor the other: every thing and nothing: the most facetious, melancholy, complaisant, rude, polite, pleasant, impertinent person I ever beheld.

Under

Under favour, with humble submission, and begging your pardon. Ha, ha, ha!

DORINGTON, *descending the stair-case, leading Lady TAUNTON. HERBERT, in the back ground.*

Cur. My Lord! I presume to tell you, though a Peer——

Dor. What is the matter, my good Sir? (*To Lady Taunton*) Let me see you to your carriage.

Lady T. Not yet gone, my Lord?

Lord L. Who can quit such good company?

Lady T. You are a little malicious, I suspect. You are an adorer of Olivia; and wish to rival your friend here?

Dor. Let him, if he can.

Lady T. Ten to one, now, to-morrow morning, you will tell her I am handed to my carriage, by her lover; nay, will insinuate we have had a tête à tête. You love mischief.

Lord L. It is my ambition to vie with your Ladyship.

Lady T. Me? Oh no! In the art of tormenting, I do not know your equal. Good night. Be cautioned. [*Exit: led by Dorington.*]

Lord L. And so, my dear Mr. Curfew, as you were saying, you are the nonpareil of perfection.

Cur. With submission, I was not saying any thing.

Lord L. Oh! What, you were lost in astonishment, at the gallantry of Dorington to Lady Taunton? Well, well; don't mention it to your Ward! She is scarcely a being of this age. Accustomed to your perfections, she has no indulgence for these fashionable accommodations. Bon soir! But don't tell Olivia.

[*Exit: bowing to Dorington who returns.*]

Cur.

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Cur. Pardon my presumption, Sir, but I must say the persons I meet, at your table, do very little honour to your choice.

Dor. That, Sir, is your opinion.

Cur. Allow me to remark, candour is my character; and there is not one among them but is knave, or fool, or both.

Dor. May be so: what then, Sir?

Cur. In my humble judgment, he that associates with such renders himself their equal.

Dor. Pshaw! If I will associate with no man who is either knave or fool, I must cage myself at once. Nay, I must never look in a glass; for fear I should happen to meet one where I least expected it.

Cur. Under correction, you, Sir, can discover merit where other people can find nothing but deformity.

Dor. Then, Sir, under correction, I have a pleasure, which I am sorry other people want.

Cur. I am concerned for my Ward's sake.

Dor. Nay, nay, leave her and me to settle those points.

Cur. Pardon me, my scruples must be quieted.

Dor. I thought I had quieted them all, when I agreed to leave her fortune in your hands, without interest, for a term of six years after the day of marriage.

Cur. Excuse me, I am not so easily satisfied.

Dor. So it appears.

Cur. Olivia begins to have her scruples.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha!

Cur. With submission, your laugh is unmannerly; and I believe she is inclined to break off the match.

Dor. Good night, Sir.

Cur. Permit me humbly to remark——

Dor. Not a word more. Whenever I perceive a Gentleman obstinately bent both to give offence and to take offence, I leave him : lest I should follow a bad example.

Cur. Sir, I humbly presume I never give a bad example. I never take offence : and he that says I do is a—a—a

Dor. (*Calmly*) What?

Cur. Good night, Sir.

[*Exit.*

Dor. (*Bows*) Ha, ha, ha!

HERBERT comes forward.

Her. Zo. A be al alone at long length. Now, an I had but the audacity to unbosom my mind to'n!

Dor. Herbert! Why do you stand there, my honest fellow?

Her. I be a guaing, zir.

Dor. Did you wish to speak to me?

Her. Why, if zo be as I might be zo bold.

Dor. Ay surely! What should you fear, my good friend?

Her. Don't ee cal I your friend : I be but a poor Devonshire lad.

Dor. Poor, Herbert? You are the heir of landed property : of which I expect you will very shortly be in possession.

Her. Ay, ay ; you ha' bin to law : a drowing away a deal o' your own money, to get me a little o' mine.

Dor. Why, what a contemptible fellow must I have been, Herbert, could I have seen you and Annabel, your orphan cousin, robbed, by a wicked and rapacious executor, and not have done you both right! Speak honestly : (*Leans on his shoulder*) would you have seen me so used?

C

Her.

Her. Don't ee speak so kindly to I. I do zee you worse used every day of my life; and I can't help it, nether! Al a begging and a borrowing! and you a never zaying nay! Money! Money! I do zee well enough, avore they've adone, they won't leave you a morsel to put i' your mouth.

Dor. Having been once in want, Herbert, thou art always in dread of it.

Her. Ees zure! I war used to play at pinch-belly, and now the game is choak-throat!

Dor. Well, Herbert, to shew thee that they shall not have all, here, take this; carry it to the poor tradesman, whose goods thou knowest were taken in execution.

Her. Marcy goodness! A hundred pounds?

Dor. Tell him to pay his debts with half; and to increase his little stock with the remainder.

Her. A hundred pounds!

Dor. We give five hundred for a bauble, to glitter on the finger. Shall we refuse one, to rescue a dozen human beings from famine, and imprisonment?

Her. Zurely! Zurely!—Well may cousin Annabel zay, you be the kindest, best, and most generous gentleman i' the whole wordle.

Dor. Not half so good or so kind as herself, Herbert.

Her. Why, tho'f she be my cousin, I can't but zay, a's a kindly zoft zoul.

Dor. Well, is she satisfied with her friend, and protectress?

Her. What, Miss Olivia? Marcy dear! How can she be othergues? Why, she cals cousin Annabel zister; ay and she treats her more reverently, by half, nur many a zister would. But now do'ee, Zir, bethink you avore hand that, when
you

you ha' giv'n al' away, you'll ha' nothink vor yourzel.

Dor. Well, make thyself easy, good Herbert; when I have time, I will consider thy advice.

Her. Nay but, I do beseech you, don't ee stay till then. No; don't ee, don't ee! Miss Olivia herzel begins to be mortal uneasy about it. And I am zure cousin Annabel and I could never rest in our graves, if as any misvortin should betray you. I do hope you beant angry wi' I for my audacity; but indeed, indeed, I do love your gracious kindness, as I do love my two precious eyes. So pray you now, for God's love, bethink you! Do'ee! Do'ee! Do'ee! *[Exit.]*

Hairbrain. (without) Thomas! Pay my coach.

Dor. Heyday!

SCENE III. *Enter* HAIRBRAIN.

Hair. Well, Dorington, here am I!

Dor. Hairbrain! What the plague brings you always at such unseasonable hours?

Hair. Damn hours! What have you or I to do with hours? Time is all foul! If not, he is a sneaking scoundrel; and I would kick him out of company.

Dor. Why did not you come to dinner?

Hair. Why did not you invite me?

Dor. So I did.

Hair. Plhaw! When you sent the card, you should have accompanied it with an old coach and a new coat.

Dor. Did I not?

Hair. No: you only sent me money, to hire one, and buy the other; and I had a different use for that. But come, draw me a cork; instantly. Here! Thomas! A bottle of Burgundy! The

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best, you fly dog! I am in fine flavour——Dorington! I am a made man! You shall drink a pint bumper to me! The greatest event!

Dor. What mad whim now?

Hair. Baw! Damme now, Dorington, none of your dampers! I am high in luck, high in spirits, and could leap over the moon. You must let me have five hundred directly.

Dor. Is that all?

Hair. Oh I would not accept one farthing more. This is no rhodomontade! A rational sober plan! By only advancing five hundred pounds, I am to be secured in a thousand a year!

Dor. Indeed!

Hair. Certain! Damme, said I, Ned Hairbrain, you are a lucky fellow! 'Twill just do you! A thousand a year, you happy dog, will make an emperor of you! Quick! Quick, you tardy rascal, and secure it!

Dor. A thousand a year?

Hair. Yes. What should I want with more? I will pull up! No more mad freaks! I will be an orderly, sedate, considerate, putt! I will go to bed at ten, get up at six, eat posset, scold my servants, and wear a scratch! Oh! You shall see such a reform!

Dor. And who is to secure the payment?

Hair. Oh, the security is undeniable!

Dor. How do you know?

Hair. Know? Proof positive! The advertiser himself told me so.

Dor. The advertiser?

Hair. Yes, A. B. No. 13, Knave's Acre. All my fear is that I should let it slip.

Dor. I will answer for that.

Hair. Oh, damme, it will be snatched at! Give

me the money: it will be gone! A. B. told me he has already had five applications: mine was the sixth! But I pleased him. He gave me the preference. My honest good-natured phyz struck him.

Dor. But who and what is he?

Hair. You have heard, no doubt, of the *pilula salutifera*?

Dor. I? Not a word!

Hair. Not Alexander Mackenzie, my coachman?

Dor. Never.

Hair. Sore throat! Complicated evil! Deplorable state! Waiting his dissolution! Now as well as ever he was in his life!

Dor. Miraculous!

Hair. Restoration! Grateful thanks! Daily prayers! Tears in his eyes!—A. B. Knave's Acre—He is the man! Lamp at the back door.

Dor. A. B.?

Hair. Yes. His are the genuine pills! T'other is an impostor. A wonderful discovery! One dose is sufficient! Profits prodigious! Make a cart-load for a crown: sell a single box for a guinea!

Dor. Prodigious indeed!

Hair. And for 500l. I am to be taken in, as a sleeping partner.

Dor. What shall I say to thee, Ned? Arguments I know are vain: yet to throw money thus absurdly away is painful, to be tricked out of it contemptible, and to become a vender of poison by proxy not much to a man's honour.

Hair. (*Vexed*) Ah, damme, I knew how it would be! I am not to be trusted! I have no discernment! I tell you it is a certainty! The man is honest. I thought I knew you, Dorington, that you would

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would have taken fire! Would have flown to assist such a fellow! But—Good night!

Dor. Stop, Ned!

Hair. A kind thing done willingly is done doubly.

Dor. Will you hear?

Hair. A friend is one thing; a refusal is another.

Dor. Convince me, and you shall have the money.

Hair. No, damme! I have been rich; I am poor; but, though my coat has faded, my soul is the same! 'Tis an evergreen. [Exit.

Dor. Why, Ned! Ned!

END OF THE FIRST ACT.

A C T II.

SCENE I. *The House of CURFEW.*

OLIVIA and Lady TAUNTON.

Lady T. **O**H, ho, you romantic creature! Ha, ha, ha! Pure undivided hearts? Do you think our handsome fellows and fine women trouble themselves about pure undivided hearts? Lud! They know nothing about hearts. They have no hearts.

Oli. Nor heads neither, perhaps?

Lady T. Oh, no! They have no use for them. Thinking and feeling are out of fashion.

Oli.

Oli. Well, they must at least be allowed the virtue of candour.

Lady T. Oh, yes! To glory in our failings is the essence of good breeding. Hypocrisy and affectation are laughed out of doors.

Oli. I wish folly and effrontery had kept them company.

Lady T. Oh, you cruel thing! What would become of persons of fashion, without folly and effrontery? They would lose their existence! They would be out of countenance at every word, and blush at every thought!

Oli. They are in no danger: blushes and bloom are become mere articles of perfumery.—Your Ladyship dined in Brook-street, yesterday?

Lady T. Oh! With Dorington? Yes. Do you know, I begin to think him a very charming man. I envy you. But—is the match quite certain? Is there no chance of rivalling you?

Oli. Your Ladyship is the best judge of that.

Lady T. Why, I really feel half inclined. I don't know but I may. Beware of me: for, if I set about it, there is danger. I assure you, he was very attentive; and I was very much pleased. I never saw a man more gallant.

Oli. I should have hoped you had never seen one less.

Lady T. Indeed! And why, pray?

Oli. A man attentive to the happiness of others I delight in; but a gallant man is a vender of falsehood by system.

Lady T. Dear!

Oli. And a character I despise.

Lady T. I protest you are jealous!

Oli. No. I can renounce; but I cannot condescend to suspect.

Lady T.

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Lady T. Well! I declare, I had not the least intention to put you in a flurry!

Oli. A flurry? Ha, ha, ha!

Lady T. Nay, nay, laugh out! What, you can't? Well, well, I own, you have reason to be alarmed. We, who, from our childhood, have been used to move in the first circles, have always something fascinating in our manner.

Oli. Your manners are very marking, indeed.

Lady T. I must be going. Good morning. But it is very true: rank will carry it against riches. So, if any thing should happen, do not indulge these violent emotions; nor do not pout, and complain, like a city miss, that your friend has betrayed you, because her attractions had the power that yours wanted.

Oli. Complain? No, no! I am not so totally a Novice as to complain of unexpected treachery, in a Lady of fashion.

Lady T. It is very ill bred to be jealous. It is a confession of inferiority. Good bye, my dear. I see you are not well: I will send somebody to you. Good bye. Remember. *[Exit.]*

Oli. Why this is admirable! Can Dorington endure these manners? Can he countenance, can he esteem, or, what is worse, can he affect to esteem, nay, can he coquet with this fashionable Lady? If he can, his heart and mine have no affinity. I seem to have been most miserably mistaken.

SCENE II. *Enter ANNABEL, hastily, with fear.*

Ann. Dear Madam! What is the matter?

Oli. With whom?

Ann. Lady Taunton bade me run to you; for she said you were in a fit!

Oli. Better and better!

Ann.

Ann. Why did she tell me such an untruth?

Oli. For the joke's sake, I suppose.

Ann. Oh the wicked!

Oli. Sneers and insults are become the commonplace jests of a certain set; who may aptly enough be termed high low life. And with these Dorington associates! These are his friends! They never shall be mine.

Ann. Law, now you are angry again; with mine and my cousin's dear protector!

Oli. The just, the feeling, the delicate mind I only can admire. The sweet intercourse of intelligent and pure souls revolts alike at trivial unmeaning gallantry, clandestine love, and that audacious vice which sets censure at defiance.

Ann. Dear now! I would not be jealous of my poor Herbert for—

Oli. Annabel, you do me wrong: I am not jealous. Mine is a more dignified motive.

Ann. Dignified motive, dear Lady, is a fine name, but I doubt it is what most people call jealousy.

Oli. Annabel, I forgive this injustice to your friend.

Ann. Ah, Madam, I love you dearly! Dearly! Indeed I do! I am sure my Herbert's Dorington and you were made for one another.

Oli. No; we are not! I never can, never will be the wife of the friend of—depravity and vice.

SCENE III. *Footman and Lord LARON.*

Foot. Lord Laroon. [Exit.

Lord L. Madam, your most obedient. I passed Lady Taunton at the corner. Has she been visiting you?

D

Oli.

Oli. She has.

Lord L. Ha, ha, ha! Well, her Ladyship is certainly the highest bred woman in the kingdom. Ah, my sweet Annabel! (*Toying. Annabel offended*) Pooh! I brought your cousin in my carriage. (*Calling*) Herbert! Where are you?

Ann. (*Pleased*) Come in, Herbert!

Lord L. Ay, come in. Was not I kind? I dare say, he will let me have a kiss?

Her. (*Interposing*) Your pardon vor that. Wi' us, Lords, tho'f they be Lords, don't kifs country cousins.

Oli. But what is the high breeding of Lady Taunton?

Lord L. Breeding? Breeding? Oh! I recollect. I thought it had escaped you. A very marking trait. Her very first visit, in the morning, to the Lady whom, over night, she had been endeavouring to undo.

Oli. Undo?

Lord L. Undo? No, no! Undo was the wrong word. Too strong. Rather too strong. I merely meant rival.

Oli. Well, well, her Ladyship's success is certain.

Lord L. You do not think so.

Oli. What can an "unfinished, scarce half made up," simple creature, like myself, oppose; to all a fashionable Lady's borrowed beauties, and bought perfections? Hair sheared from the dead, teeth plucked from the living, a shape bespoke of a mantua-maker, a complexion purchased in Spain, grace imported by figurants, taste by Italian fiddlers, elegance by French courtezans, and manners improved by the polite conversation of grooms, and the attic wit of gamblers!

Lord L.

Lady L. Very true! And I fairly tell you, this formidable train she now brings to the attack.

Oli. How condescending in her Ladyship! How kind in you! Yet, should she succeed, I do not think your Lordship would feel any exquisite pain?

Lord L. How should I? It has long been my ambition to make you a peerefs.

Oli. Commoner as I am, how shall I return the obligation! Especially when I remember your friendly endeavours to promote a quarrel, between me and Dorington?

Lord L. Only for the good of all parties!

Oli. Oh! To be sure! Then perhaps, to answer this charitable end, a little deviation from the truth now—

Lord L. No! Upon my honour! I have a witness. Herbert!

Her. My Lord.

Lord L. You can testify?

Her. What can I testify?

Lord L. Did not you see my dear friend hand Lady Taunton down the stair-case?

Her. May hap I did!

Ann. (*Making signs*) Herbert! Be quiet!

Her. And may hap I had as lieve a' zeen zummut else!

Ann. Be quiet, I tell thee!

Lord L. And how long had the company been gone?

Her. I can't tell.

Lord L. Less or more than half an hour?

Her. I can't tell.

Lord L. You see, Madam, that charming handsome huffey is bribing him to silence.

Oli. I see, my Lord, all that you or Lady Taunton could wish: and, what is more, it has produced

duced the very effect you both intended. Present my compliments, therefore, and tell her she need not tax her own ingenuity or your friendship farther. Tell her, she may declare it, as my avowed resolution, never to be the partner of a man whose principles do not forbid him that dalliance, that hypocrisy, which he may call good breeding, but which I know to be vice. *[Exit.*

Lord L. Ha, ha, ha!

Ann. I wonder that, being a Lord, you are not ashamed to raise jealousy, and quarrels, between true lovers!

Lord L. Charming innocent! Ha, ha, ha! I shall make love to you!

Her. Begging your pardon, but you shan't tho'.

Lord L. I have a pretty tale to tell you.

Her. Don't ee believe 'n, Annabel! Don't ee believe a word he zays! I zee nothing but fibs in his face! Come away!

Lord L. I shall meet with you alone; and then! *[Exit.*

Her. What then? What then? Did thee ever zee such sheameful doings? Wilt come?

Ann. Why are you vexed, Herbert?

Her. What did thee let him look at thee zo vor?

Ann. Nah! Never mind his looks. What if he be a Lord, and offered me watches, and rings—

Her. Did he? Did he?—I wish I'd a heard 'n!
 “ That's al!

“ *Ann.* I would rather walk in the fields, arm in
 “ arm with my Herbert, than swing ding, here and
 “ there and every where, with a Lord in his cha-
 “ riot.

“ *Her.* Would thee, Annabel? Would thee?

“ *Ann.* You know I would, Herbert. So, you
 should

"Should not be jealous. Oh, it is very bad! Very bad to be jealous!

"*Her.* Well, well! I won't!" Come thy way.
Come. [Exeunt : fondly.]

SCENE IV. *The Library of DORINGTON.*

DORINGTON and CURFEW.

Dor. Indeed, Sir, you are mistaken. You attribute interest to me which I do not possess. I have no view in the company I keep, and the dinners I give, except conviviality.

Cur. Excuse me, this would be a very proper apology, or put-off, to your Major, or such people; but not to the guardian of an heiress.

Dor. In my opinion, Sir, it would be much less proper to the Major, than to you.

Cur. Sir!

Dor. You have money and friends; he has neither. You are childless; he is the father of a family.

Cur. And, for this reason, he is to be served rather than me.

Dor. Could you desire a better?

Cur. In my humble judgment, Olivia has a hundred thousand pounds; and I am her Guardian!

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! Nay, nay, I mean no offence.

SCENE V. *Footman, introducing Major RAMPART.*

Maj. My dear fellow, good morning! Mr. Curfew, I am your humble servant.

Cur. Under correction, Sir, I know no service you can do me.

Maj.

12 THE MAN OF TEN THOUSAND:

Maj. Humph? Hay? Oh! I take you! As pleasant and full of contradiction as—

Cur. Your pardon, Sir, I—

Dor. Come, come!—Major, I have seen your friend.

Maj. Have you, my boy? Humph? Hay? Damme!

Dor. The business is in a fair train.

Maj. Blow me! Humph? Hay? Damme! Do you take me? Humph?

Dor. But, we must not yet think it secure.

(A Servant calls Dorington aside)

Cur. With submission, I do not take you.

Maj. Body of Belzebub! Rank, Mr. Curfew! Rising! The staff! Who knows? Commander in chief! Sea and land? Humph? Hay? Blow me! I have the great requisites! Do you take me? Humph? Hay? Damme! Fire and—! Humph?

Cur. With much deference, there is one great requisite, at least, which you want.

Maj. Humph? Hay? I!

Cur. Personal courage, though seldom tried in a General, should always be possessed.

Maj. Blow me! You are right! Oh! Damme! Humph? Hay?

Cur. Cowards, I have remarked, are generally fools.

Maj. Right again! Damme! Humph?

Cur. The first to affront, and the first to be afraid.

Maj. Always, Mr. Curfew! Always!

Cur. The first to threaten, and the first to run away.

Maj. Humph? Hay? Oh! I take you! Damme!—Harkye, Mr. Curfew, you're my friend's friend, or,—Blow me!—Keep your tongue, damme—!

me—! Humph? Hay? Left you should be choaked in swallowing your teeth! Do you take me? Damme! Humph? *[Exit Curfew.]*

Dor. What! Is this humble Guardian gone?

Maj. Beat a retreat, damme! The first to affront, and the first to be afraid! Humph? Fumes and—! Humph? Hay? Damme? Humph?

Dor. I heard part of your dialogue: he is unworthy your anger.

Maj. Last night the same! Damme! Humph?

SCENE VI. CONSOL, Lord LARON, Sir PERTINAX PITIFUL; *introduced.*

Dor. Good morning, gentlemen. Well, what is the news?

Con. Nay, that you must tell us. A king's messenger arrived last night. Harkye; let me speak a word. *(They retire into a cabinet.)*

Maj. Brave news for me! Humph? Hay? Another step! Colonel in contemplation! Damme! Do you take me? Humph? Hay? Humph? Dorington is my friend! Humph?

Lord L. Oh, yes! He is the friend of every blockhead he meets.

Maj. Blockhead?

Lord L. Of Consol, for instance!

Maj. And Curfew? Oh, damme! I take you! —Carnage and death! I shall be a great commander! Another siege of Prague! Humph? Did you ever hear my account of the siege of Prague? Damme! Humph!

Sir P. Yes; a hundred times.

Maj. Here the enemy! There the ditch! Morass on the right! River on the left! Double tier of artillery! Batteries masked! The word Glory!

Fire!

Fire ! Bomb ! Thunder ! Blow me to atoms !
 Humph ? Hay ? Do you take me ? Damme !
 Humph ?

Lord L. Why, Major, you are gunpowder itself !

Maj. Blow me ! Humph ? Hay ?

Lord L. But gunpowder can flash in the pan,

Maj. Flash ?

Lord L. Nay ? It can kill too !

Maj. Oh ! I am answered ! Blow me ! Humph ?

Lord L. Yes ; like your own charger, you prance under the lash ; but are too well curbed to resent it.

Maj. Curbed ?

Lord L. By your good sense.

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha ! Be merciful, my dear Lord ! I feel for my friend, the Major.

Lord L. Soldiers are professionally valiant. Some of them tell us, they have killed more than they have eaten.

Maj. My Lord, I take you ! Damme ! Humph ? You wear a tongue ! So does a woman ! But keep it in its proper Guard-room ! Set your fears sentinel over it ! Blow me ! I'll have it up at the halberds ! Do you take me ? Damme ! Humph ? Hay ? Humph ? Though you are a peer of the realm ! The halberds ! Blow me ! [Exit.

Sir P. Really, my Lord, I feel for you. The Major is not so great a coward as you supposed.

Con. (Returning.) Good morning. If you hear any thing that will touch the stocks, my dear friend, dispatch a messenger ! I'll pay coach-hire.

Lord L. Yes, Mr. Consul, we all know your generosity.

Con. Do you ? Then you know more than I do ; and that I doubt. Generosity is an Afs ! When I give, it is to get.

Lord

Lord L. Why, I do not believe your charity, by day, will disturb your rest, by night, Mr. Confol.

Con. No, my Lord: and yet my charity is as great as some people's good manners.

Lord L. Nay, don't be vexed! You are a good Man—at Garraway's, by inch of candle.

Con. I wish your Lordship were a good man any where!

Lord L. Your reputation is established.

Con. My reputation is in my pocket.

Lord L. Oh, yes! A rich rogue is always a damned honest fellow!

Con. At least, I know nobody so poor, either in purse or principle, as to think of borrowing from —hem.

Lord L. Nay, now you are too severe: I am your friend.

Con. I know you are. But I am aware of you. When a man professes himself my friend, he always intends either to insult or to trick me. I know the world: I always suspect my friends. Good morrow. I know the world. [Exit.

Sir P. Ha, ha, ha! Your Lordship is out of luck this morning.

Lord L. And you feel for me?

Sir P. I do. 'Tis strange how utterly void of sensibility, most men are!

Lord L. All men, Sir Pertinax, have not your refined thrillings!

Sir P. No: mine are my misfortune.

Lord L. (*Half aside*) And other people's misfortune too.

Sir P. They are too exquisite!

Lord L. (*Half aside*) They are intolerable.

Sir P. I have a request to make.

E

Lord

Lord L. Indeed ! How will you give it utterance ?

Sir P. A favour to ask our friend.

Lord L. Ha, ha, ha ! Is it the first ?

Sir P. No ; and therefore requires the more management.

Lord L. Ay, ay. The more sensibility ? The more gratitude ? The more obligation ? Ha, ha, ha !

Sir P. It does. Will you accommodate me ?

Lord L. And be gone ?

Sir P. I shall ever gratefully remember the benefit, you so generously confer.

Lord L. Zounds, Sir Pertinax ! Grateful to me too ?

Sir P. It was the will of Providence to form me so.

Dor. (*Returning*) Gentlemen, I beg your pardon.

Lord L. No apology : mine is a mere How do you do ? visit. Sir Pertinax tells me he has a load of obligations to discharge ; so I will leave him to lay the burthen at your feet. Your strength will be quite sufficient, he says, to relieve his shoulders. Adieu. Oh ! Shall you be at the Dowager's rout this evening ?

Dor. I shall call in, to see the company.

Lord L. Ha, ha, ha ! It will be prodigiously select ! Peers and pickpockets, boobies and black legs, male and female. I shall be there.

Dor. The faro bank would else want its chief ornament.

Lord L. You beat me at piquet, the other night.

Sir P. And me.

Dor. For a wonder !

Lord

Lord L. Shall we have our revenge ?

Dor. Perhaps. I can't promise.

Lord L. Adieu. You will be there, Sir Pertinax ?

Sir P. Without fail.

Lord L. Husband your sensibility. You have a large stock : but diamond mines themselves may be exhausted. [Exit.

Dor. From his Lordship's hints, I collect, you have something to communicate ?

Sir P. My dear friend, I have. But his Lordship is so unfeeling, he has quite deranged me. I know your philanthropy. You do not, like him, delight to torment. You are my kind, my dear, my open-hearted friend.

Dor. For heaven's sake !

Sir P. I knew it ! I knew his Lordship's distressing raillery would jaundice the ebullitions of the soul ! It is cruel ! It is really cruel ! Very cruel !

Dor. Shorten your exordium ; come to the point.

Sir P. I cannot ! Yet—it would lay me under eternal obligations ! Serve me essentially !

Dor. Well ?

Sir P. You have an inexhaustible share of the milk of human kindness ! I know you never refuse a tried and true friend.

Dor. Sir Pertinax, I shall join with his Lordship, and begin to suspect.

Sir P. Why look you ! Upon my soul ! Upon my honour ! The devil take his Lordship ! But it is always the same ! You never will endure the truth ! You will hear any body praised, but yourself ! That is your only fault.

Dor. I must bid you a good morning, Sir. It is suffocating !

Sir P. (*Holding him*) You shall not leave your friend in anger! Your dear, your obliged, your everlasting friend! Is a heart overcharged with gratitude hateful?

Dor. Overcharged gratitude generally ends in enmity; or something worse. Do good, and receive good, whenever you can; and make the performance of your duty the test of your integrity.

Sir P. I will, I will. And happy am I to receive instruction from such a friend. You have convinced me; it is my duty to receive good. I feel the morality! I will venture to communicate my wants.

Dor. I am all attention.

Sir P. You generously lent me 5000l. to pay off that cursed mortgage.

Dor. True.

Sir P. It got wind. Creditors heard I had cash. Writs were out; and, unfortunately, I am only a Baronet.

Dor. Proceed.

Sir P. I cannot! It looks so like—You have the best heart in the world!

Dor. Name the sum.

Sir P. I—really—my feelings—

Dor. Zounds! Speak.

Sir P. Two thousand more.

Dor. Is that all? You shall have it. I supposed the whole five had disappeared.

Sir P. (*Aside*) I wish I had known that! Oh! I am a cursed Ass!—I am glad my liberal-hearted friend will find it no inconvenience.

Dor. Why, to that, I know not what to answer. I have been so prodigal lately, and am so prodigal still, my principles make so many just demands
upon

upon my purse, and my passions so many false ones, that—But this is a question I have considered. Your family has produced many high-minded and excellent men. You have a son worthy of ancestors whose virtues live, while they sleep in peace. To rescue his patrimony from the gripe of usury, and give it a chance of becoming beneficial, I willingly grant what you ask.

Sir *P.* My kind, my incomparable friend! I feel these painful pleasing scenes too intimately! They depress and wound, elevate and heal—! There is no describing!

Dor. Sir Pertinax!—Have not I told you, you shall have the money?

Sir *P.* Oh my heart!

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE SECOND ACT.

A C T III.

SCENE I. *The House of CURFEW.*

OLIVIA and Lord LARON.

Oli. IF your Lordship hopes to torment me by these tales, you mistake the means. I grieve at Dorington's conduct for his own sake, not for mine.

Lord *L.* Why grieve for any body's sake? The Dowager is a person of fashion. Her rout is fashionable; her faro bank is fashionable. All the world was there.

Oli.

Oli. For which some of them, I fear, are now execrating all the world.

Lord *L.* A dozen, at least, among my own particular friends. Lady Hotwater was terribly cut! Her last stake was a desperate venture. Her frame distorted, her cheeks livid, her hand palsied, she cut a card, lost, shrieked, fell in a fit, was carried out in convulsions, and is this morning parted from her husband. It was a high scene.

Oli. You seem to have enjoyed it?

Lord *L.* Oh! It was in a great stile.

Oli. You no doubt were on the right side?

Lord *L.* Me! I am a partner in the bank.

Oli. And was Dorington a loser?

Lord *L.* Ha, ha, ha! That now is pleasant. I knew you would ask. The fact is, he is in for it, to some purpose. I don't know the sum. Bills and drafts handed about by wholesale.

Oli. You are his dear friend?

Lord *L.* I am.

Oli. Why did not you prevent him?

Lord *L.* Oh Lord! Ha, ha, ha! I and Sir Pertinax got him to piquet, and touched him for ten thousand.

Oli. Beside his loss at faro?

Lord *L.* Oh! yes. Sir Peter is a deep schemer! He completely wiped off an old score of seven thousand. I have draughts for three in my pocket; which I shall present to-day or to-morrow. Are not you sorry?

Oli. More for his loss of morals than of money. To the latter his fortune is equal.

Lord *L.* Pardon me! To prodigality like his no fortune is equal; for he gives and lends more than he loses.

Oli.

Ol. And you his intimate friends, encourage him in ruin?

Lord L. My dear Madam, what is it to me, if my friend be disposed to ruin himself? My time would be well employed, were I to preach maxims of wisdom to all who choose to play the fool. I must tell every man I meet he is a blockhead; and get my throat cut fifty times a day. Dorington is my dear friend; but, like many more of my dear friends, he is a damned ——.

SCENE II. DORINGTON *introduced*.

Lord L. Ah! Dorington? This is quite apropos! You were the last man in our mouths. You cannot imagine how many things I have been saying in your praise. Have not I, Madam?

Ol. You have said a great deal, I own.

Lord L. Yes: I was telling her what bad success you had last night.

Dor. Was that in my praise?

Lord L. To be sure. What does a hero, like you, mind the loss of a few thousands? Your half-souled fellows, on such an occasion, will take opium over night, and a pistol the next morning: but you brush such trifles from your mind, as your footman does powder from your coat.

Dor. When I am coward enough to commit suicide, it will not be for the loss of money,

Lord L. I love your spirit. I know no young fellow who has so much. When shall I present the draughts?

Dor. Whenever you please. Why do you ask that?

Lord L. You remember the sum?

Dor. How should I forget?

Lord L. How indeed! If it will any way oblige you,

you, I will forbear a day or two. I am in no immediate want of cash.

Dor. And I am in no immediate want of your forbearance.

Lord L. Nay, don't take pet at my being willing to accommodate.

Dor. Why should you think I need accommodation ?

Lord L. Is it strange that I should wish to oblige my dearest friend ?

Dor. Yes; when your dearest friend has no inclination to be obliged.

Lord L. I am really sincere. I have no malice.

Dor. Yes, you have; and I do not like you the worse for it. You are a high-flavoured sauce; a mixture of you is relishing.

Lord L. We all have our uses. I the sauce, you the turtle.

Dor. On which you have the cunning to cut and feed? Yet you are no conjuror.

Lord L. Conjurors are scarce. I must fly: a hundred calls to make: I shall see you at dinner. Adieu. Don't quarrel. [*Exit.*]

Oli. This dear friend of yours is in full spirits.

Dor. I never knew him otherwise. A very magpie; always hopping and chattering. 'Tis a quality I like in him.

Oli. Is there any other quality for which you like him?

Dor. Yes; his frank honest satire.

Oli. To torment is his study.

Dor. And he is a master of the art: a proof of his genius.

Oli. He spares neither friend nor foe.

Dor. If he did, I should despise him. What the

the heart thinks let the tongue utter. Knaves and cowards only fear its freedom.

Oli. He has made tolerably free with you.

Dor. With all my heart. I am fair game; and he is a fair sportsman.

Oli. Not too much of that. He advises me to break with you; and offers to dignify me with a coronet.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha! There is merit even in his impudence.

Oli. And are you not offended with him?

Dor. Not in the least.

Oli. Do you esteem me so little?

Dor. Fie! I esteem you so much. Your understanding is of too high an order.

Oli. To marry him, when I may have you?

Dor. Yes.

Oli. Frank, at least.

Dor. Certainly. I despise hypocrisy. Why not as freely speak good of myself, when I think it, as of another?

Oli. Or ill?

Dor. Ay; or ill. I have faults as many as you please: but I have something that will hide them all.

Oli. Be not too confident. A single cloud will conceal the sun.

Dor. That is a mistake. A few acres I grant may be overcast; but his rays, at the same instant, shine refulgent on the remaining world.

Oli. Less poetry, and more prudence, might perhaps be as well.

Dor. Not in your eyes.

Oli. You seem very certain.

Dor. As I am of my own heart, which beats in unison with yours; or I never could have admired,

never could have loved you as I do. I confess your coldness this morning a little surprises me; and might alarm, were I less acquainted with the justice and the dignity of your mind. My last night's follies offend; and with reason.

Oli. They are indefensible; they are degrading; and yet, comparatively, they are trifles.

Dor. Indeed?

Oli. The loss of wealth only strips vanity of her plumes: but the loss of principle covers us with contempt.

Dor. Granted.

Oli. To preserve our good temper, when the profligate and the absurd surround us, is as worthy of the sage as the man of the world: but to smile approbation, to ape their hypocrisy, and be the high priest of their nocturnal orgies, is to be ambitious of infamy; and to renounce the love and the society of the good.

Dor. A dreadful sentence.

Oli. But inevitable.

Dor. Well, I am now in haste; but, in the course of the evening, I will call, listen to reproof, kiss the rod, and adore the chastiser.

Oli. I may happen not to be at home.

Dor. I'll venture that. Good morrow. [*Exit.*

Oli. This self confidence is insulting! Conscious as he is of a dissipated spirit, male coquetry, and depravity of manners, can he so familiarly talk of the unison of our hearts? When he is present, he fascinates! I have but one resource: I will avoid him! Former affection shall not subject me to future wretchedness. Let me be any thing rather than the wife of one whom passion prefers; but whom the understanding rejects. [*Exit.*

SCENE III. *A drawing-room at Dorington's.*

A large company assembled, Lord LARON, Lady TAUNTON, Sir PERTINAX PITIFUL, Major RAMPART, Mr. CURFEW, &c.

Enter DORINGTON.

Dor. Ladies and gentlemen, I am glad to see you! My blundering servants are late with the dinner. What is the news?

Lord L. I hear there has been a great storm at some of our West India Islands; in which hundreds, some say thousands, of the inhabitants have perished.

Dor. Poor wretches!

Lord L. Your possessions are all there. You may well feel interested.

Lady T. That is but natural.

Dor. I hope, my Lord, without pretending to any uncommon degree of benevolence, I should feel a greater desire to save the lives of men than my own possessions; the produce of which, I fear, I have hitherto put to a very indifferent use.

Maj. That is noble, damme!

Sir P. The sentiments of a refined and feeling heart!

Enter Footman.

Foot. A Mr. Hudson is below, Sir; and desires to see you immediately.

Dor. Mr. Hudson! Is it possible? (*Considers a moment*) Show him up: A worthy and well informed man; and, though my agent and manager in the Colony, will not dishonour this good company at table.

Lady T. Oh, let us have him.

Lord L. He brings papas, pines, and four-fops, sugars, rums, and riches.

F 2

Maj.

36 THE MAN OF TEN THOUSAND :

Maj. His conversation will enliven ! You take me ? Damme ! Humph ? Hay ? Humph ?

Lord L. He will enable you to defy those mighty conquerors, Hazard, Piquet, ay and Faro himself.

SCENE IV. *Enter HUDSON.*

Dor. Welcome to England, Mr. Hudson ! But what brings you so unexpectedly ? My affairs, or your own ?——Why are you silent ? How left you Barbadoes ?

Hud. A desolate and barren wilderness !

Dor. Desolate ?

Lady T. (*Significantly looking round*) How ?

Hud. The particulars are for your private ear.

Lord L. Oh ! Oh !

Maj. (*Alarmed*) You take me ! Humph ?

Sir P. Hush !

Dor. Your news I perceive is bad ; speak out.

Hud. Pardon me, Sir, I must not.

Lord L. Whoo ! The devil !

Sir P. Be quiet !

Dor. Speak, I say. The moment to be explicit is favourable. I am surrounded by my friends.

Hud. Are these good Ladies and Gentlemen all your friends ?

Dor. All ! All !

Lady T. Oh, yes ; we are all his friends.

Sir P. His dear, his feeling, his affectionate friends.

Lord L. And are come to dine with him.

Cur. With submission, you may speak out.

Hud. I have your leave, Sir, but not my own.——This is a serious moment. Bethink you, Sir. Men who give dinners do not infallibly invite their friends.

Lord L. Very right, Mr.——Barbadoes : you come I think from Barbadoes ?

SCENE V. CONSOL *without.*

Con. Where is he? Where is he? [*Enter*]
Have you heard the news? Is it blown?

Lady T. No! What is it?

Con. It's all over the City!

Omnes. What? What?

Con. You are ruined, Sir! Ruined past all hope!

Dor. (*Firmly*) Indeed?

Maj. (*With sorrow*) Bombs and thunder!
Humph?

Lady T. Is it possible?

Sir P. I shall sink!

Lord L. Pray let us hear.

Con. Your vast estates all swept away, like dust before the wind.

Omnes. How? How?

Con. A Tornado! The like was never known.

Lady T. Dear, dear!

Sir P. I shall never support it!

Lord L. It is very shocking.

Dor. Speak, Mr. Hudson.

Lady T. Ay, ay, for heaven's sake let us hear!

Sir P. Be delicate! Be tender! Respect our feelings!

Dor. Mr. Hudson, I again seriously request you will at once relate all that has happened.

Hud. Arm yourself with fortitude!

Dor. Fear me not; speak.

Lady T. I am in the horrors already.

Sir P. My poor dear friend: how I feel for him!

Hud. Nurtured in splendour, encouraged in waste, accustomed to scatter with a prodigal munificence.

ficence. You are now the most desolate, the most helpless of men.

Dor. (*With dignity*) Ha, ha, ha!

Lady T. What will become of him!

Sir P. My heart bleeds!

Maj. (*Sorrow*) A thundering fall! Damme! Humph?

Dor. Spare your comments and your regret, Sir, and to the point——Go on——There has been a hurricane?

Hud. A wreck of nature, rather! Sweeping destruction, and prodigies unheard! The misery is general; though on that side the Island where late your fruitful lands were situate most complete, Your ponderous vessels, mills, stores, and buildings, were wrested from their distracted beds, and swept into the sea! Your vast domains loaded with vegetation, incredible to tell, were torn up and whirled like chaff to the clouds; leaving behind mephitic lakes, whose stench infects the air! Universal nature was convulsed! The elements all waged horrible war; while heart-rending and intolerable cries, roars, and howlings, made the bursting thunder seem a whisper.

Maj. Blow me to atoms! The siege of Prague, Damme! Humph? Hay?

Dor. Were many lives lost?

Hud. Numbers were hurried through the air, and dashed against the rocks; or overwhelmed by the mad and incomprehensible ocean.

Dor. Miserable men! Numbers say you?

Hud. Warned by the Caribbs, and the alarming phenomena that preceded, many put timely to sea, of whom I was one. But still the Negroes and the Poor remained.

Dor.

Dor. Ay, ay! The Negroes and the Poor.

Lord L. It was very affecting.

Sir P. It would have been too much for my sensibility.

Lady T. I am glad I was not present.

Maj. Had I been there, Damme! Do you take me? Humph?

Cur. In my humble opinion, if you had, you would not have been here.

Dor. (*Aside*) Why so! I am now, what in the vanity of my heart I have often wished to be. Put to a mighty trial. Let me then collect my thoughts, and not at this crisis yield to passions, at which Manhood ought to spurn.

Con. He is confoundedly down in the mouth! I will be gone: he will want to borrow money of me.

Cur. Under favour, I do not think so: he knows you better.

Con. His interest with the great is all flown! There is nothing now to be got by him! He is a dangerous acquaintance! I will go. (*Going*)

Dor. Will not you stay and dine?

Con. I cannot, Sir. Exceedingly sorry! Business must be minded——Harkye! A word! A thought has struck me. Your's is a hard case. Open a subscription, make me your banker, and I will promote it. I will do more for you! I will put down a nominal hundred, at the head of the list! You understand me? Nominal. That is between ourselves. It will—

Dor. Stop, Sir——Ladies and Gentlemen, here is my generous friend, Mr. Confol, proposes a subscription for me, with a large promise of personal support, ay, and a nominal hundred at the head of the list; provided he may be my banker!

What

40 THE MAN OF TEN THOUSAND:

What say you to his dignified project, and his nominal liberality? Are they not worthy his great soul?

Lady T. Quite in character.

Lord L. Just what I should have expected.

Cur. Pardon me, but I should have expected a demand of brokerage.

Con. You are all damnably charitable, I warrant! I know the world, and I know you!

Cur. With submission, you seem to know yourself too, honest man.

Con. As honest as you, or the best of you! As honest as the law makes me. He that is more is a fool.

Sir P. Such delicacy of sentiment!

Lady T. Such dignity of principle!

Maj. A conscience so convenient! Humph?

Con. Why as for that, all the world are agreed: every man's principle is to get all he can, keep it as long as he can, and pay his just debts when he can't help it. "So that, if I had the privilege of Peers, I should make just the same use of it that they do: (*To Lady T. and Lord L.*) only I should not have the impudence to cant about my honour."

Maj. That is home! Damme! Humph?

Con. I shall leave you all to shew how much honesty, sentiment, conscience, and principle, you have more than myself! Your servant,—your very humble servant! [*Exit.*]

Dor. 'Tis strange what a respectable air sincerity gives, even to a scoundrel!

Sir P. Unfeeling brute! Our dear friend's case so distressing too!

Lord L. So unexpected!

Lady T. I am quite unwell with the shock! I must retire.

Dor.

Dor. Nay, seeing me so distressed, you will stay to console me.

Sir P. What can be done? I am extremely sorry, my Lord, that you and I won the ten thousand pounds.

Lord L. So am I really.

Sir P. It wounds my delicacy beyond expression!

Lord L. It is quite distressing.

Sir P. I know his high and over scrupulous spirit would spurn at the proposal, or I should consult my feelings, and——

Dor. Pshaw!

Sir P. Yes! I knew it!

Lord L. Oh, he will accept no favours!

Sir P. That is his only fault. But really I must withdraw; it is too much for sensibility like mine! I cannot give it utterance! Think, my dear friend, what passes here at this trying moment! Ah well a day! Alas! Oh heavens! Adieu. [*Going.*]

Lady T. Upon my honour, Sir Pertinax is monstrously moved.

Lord L. It would move a heart of stone.

Sir P. (*Returns*) I forgot to mention that, at this critical moment, I am quite out of cash. And it would wound me to the soul, were you, as you have every right a never-ending friendship can bestow, to request a Loan. I say it would cut me to the very quick to be asked: for ah! Hard necessity! I must refuse.

Cur. That is exactly my case.

Omnes. And mine.

Maj. Damn'd sorry! Do you take me? Humph?

Lord L. These are my feelings; though perhaps rather too coldly expressed.

G

Lady

Lady T. Yes ! I believe we are all in the same predicament.

Omnes. All ! All ! (*The Major stands apart.*)

Lady T. Cash cannot be commanded : but we are extremely sorry for your misfortunes.

Lord L. Very sorry indeed.

Dor. Kind friends ! How can I repay such tenderness ! Yours, Sir Pertinax, is truly a most melancholy state ! I sympathize with your sufferings ! A heart so susceptible ! So prodigiously generous ! So dangerous sincere ! Nay, nay, allay your griefs !

Lord L. Ha, ha, ha ! Vastly well !

Dor. Your tears distress me !

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha !

Dor. Adieu, thou most immaculate of friends ! One last embrace !

[*Exit Sir Pertinax ; terrified, as Dorington approaches.*]

Omnes. Ha, ha, ha !

Dor. So much for sensibility.

Cur. With submission, Sir Pertinax is a very contemptible person.

Lord L. A horrid sycophant.

Lady T. Such a hypocrite !

Maj. Damme ! Humph ? Hay ? Humph ?

Dor. And do you, my dear friends, think Sir Pertinax was the only contemptible person, the only sycophant, the only hypocrite in company ?

Lord L. I would by no means affirm so bold a thing as that. I can only answer for myself.

Lady T. Your Lordship is amazingly polite.

Maj. Oh a sneering—Humph ? Hay ? Blow me ! Humph ?

Lord L. But lest you should accuse me of hypocrisy, I will be very sincere. You are a ruined man ;

man; and I need not tell this good company that a ruined man is a person that nobody knows.

Dor. That is a thing of course.

Lady T. No want of friendship in that.

Lord L. But this is a trifle; for you will soon know nobody.

Dor. Your reason?

Lord L. A very obvious one; you will soon lose your senses.

Dor. How, and why so?

Lord L. Only for your own convenience. Tasting and smelling will go first. Because, as you know, faculties not exercised are lost. Creditors will next come to your door: animals that have very discordant voices. They will clamour, vociferate, and possess the miraculous gift of making you deaf. They will insolently demand why you are a—Hem!

Dor. Sir?

Lord L. They are shocking hard-mouthed scoundrels.

Dor. Ha!

Lord L. Why you are—hem—and they are ruined? Here you will be struck dumb!

Dor. Proceed.

Lord L. They will meet you in the street: and while their eyes shall be riveted upon yours, you will be stone blind.

Dor. Humph! Why most men's organs are defective; you for instance have a most exquisite taste and scent at a friend's table.

Maj. But never at his own. Blow me! Humph?

Dor. Then if your most intimate acquaintance be traduced, no man's ear more open! But if commended, you are instantly as deaf as an adder! I did not say as venomous.

44 THE MAN OF TEN THOUSAND:

Maj. He has it! Damme! You take me? Humph?

Dor. With respect to vision too, I have known you distinguish a Coronet, on a Coach, at a prodigious distance! Yet unable to see a poor relation, though he brushed your elbow as he passed!

Lady T. (*To Major &c.*) He can't deny it.

Dor. Well, Ladies and Gentlemen, by this time we have tolerably well explained ourselves: you have nothing more to hope from me; and I just as much from you.

Lady T. Very sorry.

Lord L. But how can it be helped?

Dor. Be under no concern! We are perfectly agreed. I am as little disposed to accept as you are to offer. I shall indulge in no reproach; for I feel no surprize. I took you for neither better nor worse than you are. Epithets mean but little: I call my dog Cæsar; and I have called you my friends; but I did not persuade myself that either you or Cæsar were Romans.

Lord L. Your philosophy is exquisitely polite.

Dor. It is adapted to my company.

Lady T. Let us be gone. I presume we have our good friend's permission?

Dor. To consult your own inclination in all things, dear Madam.

Lady T. I am prodigiously shocked and concerned! I am indeed. [*Exit.*

Maj. (*Dejectedly*) I am dumb founded; damme! Humph? Hay? My friend? Do you take me? Humph? [*Exit.*

Lord L. Oh, no doubt we all compassionate your case! [*Exit.*

Cur. For my part, I have only to remark with great

great deference, that I cannot, Sir, give you my Ward.

Dor. Your reason, kind Sir?

Cur. Because, might I hazard an objection, you are a beggar.

Dor. Can no consideration bribe you?

Cur. With submission, none that you can offer. I am sorry, but it is no fault of mine. Your very humble servant, Sir.

Dor. Thou last and dearest of my friends, farewell! [*Exit Curfew*] Why so! The farce of greatness is ended; and the task of Man begins—'Tis the poor wretches whom the afflicting heavens have left shelterless that demand our pity. Wretched sufferers! Would my loss had been the sole misfortune!

Hud. I am glad, Sir, you meet it with so much fortitude.

Dor. Not with so much but that I am fool enough to feel it. My cherished hope, the passion of my heart, is cruelly assaulted. But, I know thee, Olivia! Thy pure and dignified love not even this can shake.

Hud. So may it prove! Yet the scene I just have witnessed makes me doubt.

Dor. Ha, ha, ha!

Hud. Your forbearance, with these your false friends, is to me unaccountable. I could have trampled them to dust.

Dor. And thus have reduced yourself to their level. What! A battle with chimney sweepers? Manhood and common sense forbid!

Hud. Nay, but malice so undisguised!

Dor. What of it? Shall I be angry that insects buzz and strain to push forth stings they never had?

Or

Or should they blur the mirror that reflects my face, shall I fancy it deformed?

Hud. After a life of splendour, to become the daily butt of insult and contempt?

Dor. Bugbears for children! This man shuts his pocket, and that his door upon me: one overlooks me: another eyes me as steadily forgetful as the stranger that has neither borrowed from my purse nor eaten at my table. Is this worthy my notice? Is it my misfortune or theirs that the first is miserly, the second mean, the third imperious, and the fourth a mere summer-fly, that began in a muckworm and so will end? What, chagrined because I am not like them? Oh, no, no!

Hud. I own I cannot think like you.

Dor. Mere want of thought. Who would make himself the Tantalus of fools, or the foot-ball of fortune?

Hud. We are so in our own despite.

Dor. Rather by our own endeavours. Equal to every change the man of fortitude remains unmoved, when, most depressed, feebler spirits sink; or, most exalted, flutter. In prosperity he exults not: he shrinks not from adversity. He doubts if there be adversity; except to the impotent and unwise. Souls are distinguished by their qualities; and the day of assault is, to him, the fortunate day in which he proves his rank.

Hud. To whom? Poor and deserted, who will notice, he asks not testimony: for if he did, when, where, how often should he meet minds capable of doing him justice? Conscious and secure in himself he needs no other proof.

Enter Servant.

Ser. Mr. Demur is below, Sir.

Dor.

Der. I am coming. [*Exit Servant.*] He brings intelligence I have already heard. My honest Herbert, an oppressed orphan, has gained his cause. Why this dilates and fills my heart. I have lost an ample, a superfluous, fortune; he has gained a small one, but a competency. I shall make him happy! Him and his Annabel! Why what a misery-minded reptile should I be, were I not, this very moment, to rejoice in his good fortune!

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE THIRD ACT.

ACT

A C T IV.

SCENE I. OLIVIA *and* ANNABEL.

Ann. LAW, now, what if Lady Taunton was invited to dinner again! Where is the harm?

Oli. You talk in vain, Annabel. I know myself. The heart that can unite with mine must be pure as infancy, gay as youth, unshaken as manhood, and benevolent as wisdom in ripe old age. If it can sully itself with the vices of contagious custom, if it can descend to associate with——
Faugh! My soul sickens at the very image.

Ann. Well, I am sure, all England could not shew his equal; except my dear Herbert.

Oli. My whole soul would be my husband's! It would hover round him, dwell on his lips, live in his eyes, attend on, watch over, take flight with him; suffer, rejoice, laugh, weep, and feel every affection his noble heart should feel! And none but a noble, none but a magnanimous heart could yield delight to me.

Ann. Dear, dear, I am very sorry! I can't tell what to say! I am young and know but little; yet I very much fear such over nice notions do but make people misfortunate.

Oli. I grant, Annabel, as my love is immeasurable, so is my sensibility. A cold, an indifferent, a divided heart? Oh! it would give me torture inexpressible!

SCENE

SCENE II. *Enter CURFEW.*

Cur. With submission, Ward, may I speak a word with you?

Oli. Certainly, Sir. Leave us, my dear Annabel.

[*Exit Ann.*]

Cur. I presume to ask a favour.

Oli. What is it?

Cur. With great deference, Dorington is unworthy of you.

Oli. I begin to think him unworthy of any woman, possessed of delicacy or dignity of feeling.

Cur. Under correction then, promise me to break with him.

Oli. Promise?

Cur. With much humility, did you know all, you could have no hesitation.

Oli. Can there be any thing more offensive than what I already know?

Cur. Infinitely!

Oli. What is it?

Cur. Pardon me, I must forbear. It would shock you to hear.

Oli. Indeed! Is he so very a Man of the age? Is he so deep in depravity? I renounce him.

Cur. With humble submission, you have great cause.

Oli. For ever! For ever!

Cur. Under favour, I will give orders to the servants that you are no more at home to him, Robert!

Enter ROBERT.

Oli. Sir——This eager haste——Robert, if Mr. Dorington should call, say—say—I—I—(*Turns away*) Why do I feel this reluctance, this weakness?

H

No!

50 THE MAN OF TEN THOUSAND :

No ! I will not yield ! My understanding shall not be enslaved and insulted by my affection. [*Exit.*

Cur. Robert, with submission, it is your Lady's order, to all the servants, not to admit Mr. Dorington. She is not at home to him. Be upon the watch yourself. Shut the door in his face. It is your Lady's strict injunction. Remember ! Your Lady's. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III. *The house of DORINGTON.*

DORINGTON and HUDSON.

Dor. From these rough estimates, I find, the wreck of my fortune will suffice for the payment of my debts ; and I am happy. Be kind enough to proceed as instructed ; and, when you are in the city, inquire as minutely as possible, that I may consider if some poor pittance of relief may not yet be afforded to the wretched sufferers at Barbadoes.

Hud. Relief, Sir ! How are you to provide for your own existence ?

Dor. Ha, ha, ha ! How can man be so blind to the fewness of his wants, and the infinitude of his means, as to ask such a coward question ?

Hud. I wish, Sir, I could feel as you do. (*Going*)

Dor. Stay. I recollect another matter. Step this way. (*They retire to the cabinet.*)

SCENE IV. *Footman and Major RAMPART.*

Foot. My master is just gone into that room. I will tell him you are here, Sir.

Maj. Mighty well. Blow me ! What can I do ? What can I say ? I know what he wants well enough, damme !

DORINGTON returns. HUDSON and Footman pass through the apartment.

Dor.

Dor. Major, I took the freedom to request five minutes conversation with you.

Maj. Yes, damme! I know the subject. I take you. You want money: I am a few hundreds in your debt. Curst unlucky! I wish I had thousands! They should all be yours, blow me! But if I have fifty pieces at my Banker's, I am a cut-throat Kalmuck! Do you take me? Damme! Humph?

Dor. Do not be alarmed. I am no dun. I want no money.

Maj. No?—Fire and—! Humph? Hay? Humph?

Dor. I have something to present you with. You have long been soliciting rank; but wanted friends. I have been lucky enough to meet better success. There is a commission.

Maj. Blow me to—Humph? Hay? Humph?
(*Reads.*) Oliver Rampart, Colonel of the forty—Carnage and—Humph? Hay? But how? I want heavy artillery! I can't purchase! I have no guns, blow me! Humph?

Dor. That is all settled.

Maj. Hay? Do I take you? Arrears discharged? Exchange money paid?

Dor. It is.

Maj. Sulphur and—When am I to bring up my rear? Do you take me? Pay day? Humph? When am I to find bounty money?

Dor. When your two sons are Captains, and your three daughters well married.

Maj. Blow me to atoms! Humph? Hay? Do you take me? Damme! Humph?

Dor. I have only one request to make. When you become a General—

Maj. Ay! Damme! Humph? Hay? Humph?

Dor. You will study to win your battles by shedding as little human blood as possible.

Maj. Carnage and— You are a great hero! I will not shed a drop. Flames and fury! You are a mighty conqueror! And what are you to do? Humph? Hay? Damme! Do you take me?

Dor. Seek my fortune. The world is wide enough. I have health, strength, courage, and common sense. What do I want, which these cannot acquire?

Maj. Blow— I never saw a great man till this moment!

Dor. Farewell! Go and make your family happy.

Maj. (*Catches his skirt*) Humph? Hay? (*Cries, laughs, and sings*) “Rule Britan”—Colonel Rampart! Ha, ha, ha! “Britons nev”—General next year!—“never will”—You are a fine—Oh! Damme! Humph? Hay? Do you take—“Britons “never”—Oh you are a—“Britons”— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V. *The front of CURFEW's house.*

HERBERT, and afterward DORINGTON.

Her. I did watch un out: a be coming thick way. I be zure a be guain to Madam's, and I do want to knaw what an a welcome a wul meet.

[*Retires on the watch.*

Dor. (*Knocks at the door, which Robert opens*)

Rob. Who do you want, Sir?

Dor. Want? Why don't you know me, Robert?

Rob. Yes, Sir; I know you very well: only that my orders are to know no such person.

Dor. Not know me?

Rob. I can't find in my heart to say I don't know

know a gentleman that has been so kind to me.
But servants must obey.

Dor. Are these Olivia's commands?

Rob. I am sorry to say it, Sir, they are. I am strictly charged to shut the door in your face; and may perhaps get turned away, for talking to you. But, since it is come to this, I don't much mind if I am.

Dor. Go, go, Robert! Obey your orders. (*Pause*)

[*Exit Robert shutting the door.*]

HERBERT *in great anxiety.*

Her. Oh Lord! Oh Lord!

Dor. Why then the dissolution of worlds may be foretold; and impossibilities are true. Can it be? Holiday friends, slaves of appearances, sycophants of prosperity, that rats like these should fly the falling edifice is nothing strange; it moves not my gall. But thou, Olivia? Thou!—It cannot be! 'Tis but some generous artifice to try my temper; and put my knowledge of thy noble nature to the test.

Her. I must speak a word of comfort to 'n; and I wul!

Dor. And shall a sport, a shew of injury, deceive me? From a mind, too, native in magnanimity; incapable of insult? What, distrust thee? Rank thee with the base, the venal, and the vain? With grovelling spirits, that never felt the exalted swell of souls? Souls that rise superior to controul; that hold Fate itself their slave; and make their mirth of their misfortunes? These are thy peers, Olivia. Shall I sink thee, cast thee from thy high place in my heart by one degrading thought? Oh no!
(*Going*)

Her. I do reverently hoape, Zur, you won't take it amiss, but if I could be zo happy as to do any mortal

mortal thing, to give you a bit of heart's ease, why, just at this time, it would make me main light i' my stomach here.

Dor. Thank you, Herbert ; but I want no aid.

Her. I do hoape you don't take the baseness of zum volk too much to heart. I do know what it is to have a liking vor a zweetheart ; and zure enough, if Annabel wur to zarve I o' that'n, I do believe it would make a mazed man o' me !

Dor. Have you seen Mr. Hudson ?

Her. No, zure. I don't know the gentleman.

Dor. Well, go home. He has something for you.

Her. Won't ee let me go wi' you, Zur ? Won't ee ? I pray you do ! You have a need enough of comfort. Tho'f al the wordle do vorsake you, I do humbly hoape you don't think I be so wicked to vorsake you too ?

Dor. I have no need of your services, my kind friend. When I have, I will accept them.

Her. Wul you ? Wul you, Zur ? Why then the blessings of marcy be wi' you.

Dor. I am happy ; be you so too. Go home, my good friend. *[Exit.]*

Her. I do believe a's one of God a'mighty's angels ! As zure as can be, a's not o' this arth ! Go whoam ? But I won't though. I won't go whoam, till I have been into that abomination house once more. I do hoape it won't fal, avore I do get out on't ! I'll take Annabel away, I'm detarmint ! I'll tell madam my mind, come on't what wul !

[Goes to the door.]

SCENE VI. *The house of CURFEW.*

OLIVIA, and then ANNABEL.

Oli. Why do I make myself thus miserable, for
an

an unworthy man? Why does my wilful heart regret one who would have fixed it in wretchedness?

Enter ANNABEL.

Ann. Dear, dear, Madam, here is poor Herbert in such a taking!

Oli. What is the matter?

Ann. You know he used to adore your very name, and now he is in the bitterest passion with you!

Oli. With me?

Ann. For your unkindness to our dear benefactor. He has something at heart that he cannot find words to explain.

Oli. Where is he? Bring him here.

Ann. Herbert, you may come in.

SCENE VII. *Enter HERBERT.*

Her. I don't know if I do want to come in. I don't know if it beant a zin to be under the zeame roof wi' a false hearted—

Ann. Herbert!

Her. May hap thee do mean to larn o' Madam, and zarve I the zeame? Doe! Doe! That's all! Doe!

Ann. I do advise you to know, Herbert, I be no such person!

Her. I do hoape i' my heart and zaul thee bean't! I do hoape thee be come of a better breed.

Oli. Who is it, Herbert, that you are thus angry with?

Her. I do know who! Ees zure! I do know who!

Oli. Apparently, it is me?

Her. That your vine volk, that came o' purposely

posely to eat up his very bones, and drink down his heart's blood, that they should turn their backs in his distress !

Oli. Distress ?

Her. Why it wur a mortal curst abomination to be zure ! But it wur little more nur natural, I had a vorfeeling o' that !

Oli. What do you mean by distress ?

Her. So kind a wur to ee ! Volk may be asheamed o' theirzel ! A would a gin his zaul's eyes to a zaved the little vinger o' those that the moment misvortin befell'n they shut the door in his vace !

Oli. What is it you mean ?

Her. Where zuch wicked volk do hoape to go to I can't tell ! But their end can't be good ! No ! They can't die in peace !

Oli. Herbert, I intreat, I insist, you tell me instantly what has happened to Dorington.

Her. Oh, marcy, marcy ! As if you didn't know ! Annabel, I do charge thee come away ! If thee dost stay here another night, I'll never zee thee more ! I'll make away wi' myzel ! I do love thee dearly ! Thee dost know I do ; so come ! Thee wilt take pattern to learn a bad zample, I do know thee will ! So come !

Ann. I'll come to thee presently.

Her. Come along ! Come ! Will ee come ? I'll be my own death else ! Will ee come ? (*Pulls her*.)

Ann. Be quiet, Herbert—Dear, dear Madam, good bye ! I love you ! Indeed, indeed I do ! But Herbert will have me with him. Heaven's blessings light upon you !

Her. That be impossible, Annabel ! I do wish vrom my zaul it war not ! But it be, it too zurely be ! Madam, I did think ee such a Leady as the

wordle couldn't match ! But I'll pray vor you ! I can do no more ! I'll pray that heaven may grant your precious zaul the grace to repent.

[*Exeunt Herbert and Annabel.*]

Oli. The passion of this honest youth is incomprehensible ! What heinous act have I committed, that should excite odium so violent, and so unfeigned, in his well-meaning and kind heart ? (*To Robert passing through the chamber*) Robert ! Has Dorington called this afternoon ?

Rob. Very lately, Madam.

Oli. Did you open the door to him ?

Rob. I did, Madam.

Oli. And what did you say ?

Rob. I obeyed your directions.

Oli. What were they ?

Rob. Madam ? To shut it in his face.

Oli. In his face ? How durst you be guilty of such an outrage ?

Rob. It was Mr. Curfew's positive order, given in your name, Madam, as you were leaving the room.

Oli. In my name ?

Rob. I supposed it was because the poor gentleman is ruined.

Oli. How ? When ?

Rob. All his West-India estates, by a great storm.

Oli. Heavens, and earth !

SCENE VIII.

Mr. CURFEW.

Oli. What is it I hear, Sir ?

Cur. With submission, Madam, How can I tell what you may have heard ?

Oli. Is Dorington ruined ?

I

Cur.

Cur. Completely.

Oli. And was that the motive, which you would not explain, for urging my consent to deny myself?

Cur. With all deference, would you desire a better?

Oli. Better! Sir, as my Guardian, I have long struggled to preserve some respect for you, but it is no longer possible! Better? (*Aside*) Demons could not have imagined a worse.

Cur. Begging your pardon, Miss —

Oli. Sir, I will not be awed by your angry humility, and an irritable spirit of contradiction. You have practised deceit upon me: odious pernicious deceit: and have made me an abettor of guilt that I abhor.

Cur. Under favour, by saving you from ruin.

Oli. By plunging me into the lowest contempt. By giving me the attributes of a fiend! Shut the door in the face of the unfortunate? Of thee, Dorington? The most generous and compassionate of men! Whose liberal hand and large heart were open to the whole human race! Abandon thee now? No! My actions shall vindicate me from the wicked, the foul aspersion. If my whole fortune can save thee, thou shalt be saved. (*She sits down to write.*)

Cur. I venture to suppose, Madam, you will first ask my advice.

Oli. No, Sir; I will not. I have followed your advice oftener than it was good. I will be guilty of this weakness no more.

Cur. I humbly presume, Miss Olivia, you are my ward. (*Pause*) Are you not? (*Pause*) With all due deference to your contemptuous treatment, I expect an answer. (*Pause*) Excuse my freedom, your impertinence deserves punishment.

Oli.

Oli. Robert! Take this letter to Mr. Consol, wait for an answer, and I particularly request you will be quick! For heaven's sake, fly!

[*Exit Robert. Olivia retires with agitation.*]

Cur. (*Following very angry*) Why, Madam! Your pretended apathy is insolence, Madam! You are in a passion, Madam! You are in an abominable passion, Madam! You are in a damned passion, Madam. [*Exit.*]

SCENE IX. *The house of DORINGTON.*

HERBERT and HAIRBRAIN *meeting.*

Hair. Herbert!—My good fellow!—What is the matter?

Her. Matter enough.

Hair. Zounds, why the fool has tears in his eyes! Oh you shocking blockhead! Learn of me! Kick care to the devil! There is no blast of bad fortune, however black, that has not a white and bright speck in it. Catch at the glorious phantom, you ranting rogue! Pursue it full speed! Hug it, enjoy it, devour it, you happy dog! If it vanish one moment, it will flame with double blaze the next! Light up your imagination at it, and be in a conflagration yourself, you sublime roister!

Her. Vine talking.

Hair. Fine doing, Herbert! Imitate me: realize your raptures; and then you will be the richest rascal on earth! The whole Globe is mine! The pretended owners plow, sow, and fret. I eat, drink, and enjoy!

Her. No, no! There be no more joy vor I!

Hair. I am the happy man. I am alert! Alive! All soul! All fire! All pure spirit! I never walk the earth: I am in air! I fly! I soar! Skim!—Oh damme, you never see me in the glums!

60 THE MAN OF TEN THOUSAND:

Her. May be not. May hap you do zet as little store by your vriends as the rest o' this bafe wordle.

Hair. Damn the world! I know it is bafe. But is that any reason that I should be miserable? Oh, no, Mr. Devil, you shall not have that pull upon me! While I live, the sun shall shine: and, if it should be snuffed out, I'll create a sun of my own!

Her. Your zun may shine; but other volks zuns be zet.

Hair. Whose?

Her. Mine. But that be nothing. I shall never be happy again, so long as I do draa breath! But that don't much matter.

Hair. Oh you miserable mortal! You earth-born booby! But never mind. I will be your doctor: your alchymist. I will sublimate, will spiritualize you! Only tell me, where Dorington is?

Her. Ah poor gentleman, he be ill enough!

Hair. Ill? Damme, how dare he be ill, without my leave? But I have news!

Her. Have you?

Hair. News that will make his heart leap!

Her. Why have you indeed, Zur? Why have you? Be it good?

Hair. Good? A. B. is—The like was never heard!

Her. Laukadaify! I be glad to hear it! What can it be?

Hair. A. B.!—I treated him ill last night. I refused his money. But I am come to make him ample amends! A. B.!—Instead of 500l. he shall lend me a thousand!

Her. Lend a thousand! Marcyful God!—What bafe wretches there be i' this wordle!

Hair. Who is base, fellow? What is the matter? I know him! To make my fortune will give him rapture! I shall repay him all I owe him within a month! Damme, I have been too long in his debt! It is high time to pay off. But I am his friend.

Her. Vriend? Lord vorgi' me! I had liked to ha' zaid, May old cloven foot flee away wi' his vriends, all in a string!—Vriends? Patience o' my heart!—Poor Gentleman! (*Wipes his eyes*)

Hair. (*Catching tenderness*) Why!—Herbert. What? Hay?—Speak!—Any—Hay?—Any misfortune?

Her. What ull become o' 'n?

Hair. Zounds! You tormenting—(*His heart full*) My good—dear—An—Herbert, speak. Take courage! Be—e—e calm!—Be calm!

Her. He can't work—He won't beg—(*Bursts into a cry*) He must starve—That's al!

Hair. (*Bursting the same*) Starve? Do-o-oring-ton my frie-e-end! Da-a-mme if he shall!—Wha a at do you cry y y so for; you curst he-e-en hearted dog?

Her. He that has be en zo goo ood to al!

Hair. I kno o ow he has! Wha at then? Wha at then? Da da a amme, don't cry! Doo o o n't cry! You foo ol, do-n't cry!

Her. But I can wo ork vor'n; and zo can A-Annabel.

Hair. And so o o can I, you booby! So o can I!

Her. (*Recovering*) As long as we a' got a morsel, he shall never want! Never!

Hair. Want, Herbert! Want? Oh ye immortals! You have set my brain in a frenzy! Speak! Speak!

Her. I can't speak—Vorzaken of al his vriends!
His

62 THE MAN OF TEN THOUSAND:

His house and lands and al blowed down! His
zweetheart false to her vows! No zaul on earth to
comfort his poor heart! What ull become o' 'n?

Hair. Death and dam—Blown down?—It must
be so! The great tornado!

Her. Too zure! Too zure!—I ha' but one
hoape.

Hair. What is that? My good dear Herbert!
What is that?

Her. May hap you may a' heard of an esteerate
left vor I and my coufin? 'Tis but dree hundred
a year. A mortal deecal too much, to be zure;
vor I; but almost nothing at al, vor he!

Hair. And you would share it, hay; my heroic
foul?

Her. Share it? Ees zure! Vor it should be every
fard'n al his own!

Hair. Poison and fire! Is not this cutting now?
Here is this pitiful claypole will give his estate!
And I, pennylefs rascal that I am, have not a doit
to bestow!—Have not I?—Did I dare tell myself
such a lie?—Herbert, I applaud the project, my
soul of benignity! He shall have half your estate,
and all mine!

Her. Al yours! I didn't knaw you had an
esteerate!

Hair. Yes but I have, and a noble one it is!

Her. Ay vor zure? Whereabouts do it lie?

Hair. In a very narrow compass, my boy!

Her. Ay ay truly; I do fear as much.

Hair. In a ring fence! Here! (*Strikes his fore-
head*) It is portable! Go where I will, I carry it
about me! Thieves cannot steal! Confiscation
cannot take it away! While I am capable of en-
joying, it is certain to be in my possession! And,
what is better, damme, it is daily rising in value!

Her.

Her. May hap zo. May hap zo. But I do knaw the lawyers won't gi' five vardins vor the fee simple of 't.

Hair. You are a royal rogue! But I, I am royalty itself.

Her. I do fear you be crack-brained!

Hair. I am a genius! And genius is a monarch on a large establishment; for whom the public are in duty bound to furnish a fund of praise, equal to his expenditure of intellect!

Her. Ay ay! He be too zurely crack-brained!

SCENE X. *Enter Mr. HUDSON.*

Hud. Your name I believe, Sir, is Herbert?

Her. Ees zure.

Hud. And yours, Sir, if I do not mistake, Mr. Hairbrain?

Hair. (*Avoiding him*) Zounds! He's a Bailiff! —Well, Sir; and what then?

Hud. I am glad you are present to witness that I deliver these deeds.

Hair. What? Hay? The estate, Herbert! Hay? My honest setter?

Hud. On the part of Mr. Dorington. [*Exit.*

Her. As zure as I be I, it is. (*Seeks after Dorington*)

Hair. Hurrah!—This will be a great day yet. I last night dreamt my ticket was come up a blank. Dreams go by contraries! It will be a great day yet! First my prize in the lottery! Then A B! Then the fruits of my own labours! That first of delights, that most exquisite most certain of resources, the products of my own genius!

Her. Dang it! Where can a be?

Hair. Herbert, my boy! Come! Let us fly! We'll find him.

Her.

Her. Where ?

Hair. Leave that to me. I can do every thing. We'll settle our property upon him ! He'll be very proud ! I know him. Ha, ha, ha ! What a damn'd booby you were to cry so ! It will be a great day ! A glorious day ! Come along ! Curse your crying ! Come along ! Hurrah ! Away ! Hurrah ! Ha, ha, ha ! Damn your crying !

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE XI. *The house of CONSOL.*

Footman and CONSOL.

Con. Inform Madam Olivia I am come, as she desired.

Foot. Yes ! Sir.

[*Exit.*]

Con. I wonder what she can want with me. Not money ; for she is rich and has not learned to squander. She has some design. She is very smooth spoken : a sure mark of cunning. Oh she has some end to answer. Odds body ! A comical thought has crossed me ! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha ! It can be only that ! Ha, ha, ha ! She has taken a fancy to me ! Fallen in love with me ! Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha ! I have hit it ! I have the whole clue ! I am the rich Consol ! Oh ! Besides now I recollect, I have seen her look—I cannot tell how ! She knows I am one of the richest, ergo, one of the greatest men breathing ! Then there are agreements, similarities between us ! She is prudent economical and cunning ! So am I : She is rich young and beautiful : so am—? Yes—so am I ! Five and forty is young enough : and as for handsome, your plump, round-faced, smug-looking, person is always agreeable : and I have a remarkable simile—Ha, ha, ha ! She is a good one ! She knows two and two make four. 'Tis a deep thought !

Her

Her vast fortune added to mine, I shall soon be able to buy up the Bedford rent roll ! It is a grand idea !—Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha ! Oh she is a good one ! Zounds, I wonder the thought never struck her or me before ! Odds body, it will be a rare match ! It will amaze every body ! Oh Lord ! How happy the discovery has made me ! Ha, ha, ha ! It is a deep game !

Enter OLIVIA.

Oli. Mr. Consol, I thank you for your immediate attention. I want your aid, and fear I have taken a liberty with you, which you may think strange.

Con. Strange, dear Madam ? Allow me to say, it is strange you did not take it sooner.

Oli. Take what, Sir ?

Con. No matter. Better late than never.

Oli. I have a business to propose, to which I am but little accustomed.

Con. I know it, dear Madam ! I know it ! But what matters custom ?

Oli. Good sense, I own, Sir, is a better guide.

Con. No doubt on't ! Be under no alarm, Madam ; come to the point at once. I know the world.

Oli. Poor Dorington is at present in distress.

Con. Ay, ay ! Poor and in distress. Oh you are a shrewd Lady !

Oli. I am persuaded you will not think me so.

Con. Dear Madam, I know you to be so ! I never admired any Lady's prudence so much in my life !

Oli. I am glad you approve my proceeding.

Con. Approve ? I am transported with it ! I adore you for it ! Oh, it was a prodigious thought !

K

Oli.

Oli. A very natural one.

Con. You are a great beauty. So I am a great wit. For why? I can command half a million! Show me another man as witty as myself. Then, as for person, I have a straight leg, a comely face, and a fine eye, for I always see my own interest.

Oli. I do not comprehend you, Sir.

Con. Nay, nay, dear Madam, speak out, you are shrewd: you know well enough modesty is only a mask.

Oli. It may be so with the knavish.

Con. Knavish? All people are knavish at heart. When they are honest it is from a knavish motive.

Oli. Indeed? Your philosophy is beyond me.

Con. I hope no offence, Madam? I would rather the stocks should fall than offend you!

Oli. (*Aside*) What is the matter with the man? —My business with you, Mr. Consol, is an affair of delicacy.

Con. Speak; fear nothing, Madam. With the Ladies, no man more delicate than myself.

Oli. You are gallant, Sir.

Con. To be sure, Madam! You have made me gallant; have fired me; have put my blood in a blaze!

Oli. Mr. Consol!

Con. Ay, and Mrs. Consol! Is not that it, Madam?

Oli. (*Aside*) Is the man frantic?

Con. I see you will not speak; so I will. I love you, Madam!

Oli. Sir!

Con. May my Banker break if I do not! Full fifty per cent. better than ever I loved woman in my life!

Oli.

Oli. Amazing!

Con. Not at all. I love you; you love me: there is no love lost. Our purses shall be as loving as our persons: one pocket, one pair of sheets.

Oli. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! I shall expire.

Con. Expire, Madam? I would almost rather be a lame duck.

Oli. Ha, ha, ha! I dare say, Sir, your grief would be as pungent as your passion is powerful. I know not what odd accident has blown up this flame in your bosom; but I imagine a single word will quench it. You are mistaken.

Con. Me, Madam?

Oli. Strange as it may seem, even you.

Con. How can that be? You are rich, Dorington is ruined; you are shrewd, I am deep; you are a spinster; I am a bachelor. You sent for me; and having no call for cash, why did you send? To do the deep thing, to be sure; and couple at once our fortunes and our affections.

Oli. Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha! How shall I support this extacy of arithmetic! This profusion of fifty per cent. tenderness?

Con. Nay, Madam——

Oli. This Change Alley Cupid! That studies amorous looks in the price of bullion; passionate desires in correct tables of interest; and tumultuous transports according to the rate of Exchange! Ha, ha, ha!

Con. I don't understand, Madam!

Oli. That falls most woefully in love to the quaking of lame ducks, and the music of bulls and bears! That kindles up his flame to the sweet harmony of scrip six and a half! Omnium

ten, seven-eighths! Who'll buy? Who'll buy?
(Laughs)

Con. Very odd!

Oli. Ha, ha, ha! Pardon me, Sir. Indeed I would resist this impertinent laugh, if I could.

Con. What is there to laugh at in me? Fifty thousand in the long annuities: three times the sum bank stock: and not much less in India Bonds, Consols, and South Sea. Is all that a joke? If it be, it is a devilish good joke! One of the wittiest I ever heard.

Oli. Well, Sir, I will leave you in full possession of your wit and jocularities; and, waving farther preface, declare my business.

Con. And am I then really hummed?

Oli. (Shakes her head) Ha, ha, ha!

Con. Are you sure?

Oli. Ha, ha, ha! Past all doubt.

Con. Then, Madam, you have missed a glorious opportunity; and are not the woman I took you for!

Oli. Pray let us be serious, Sir. My business with you requires dispatch. I want an immediate sum of money.

Con. Money? That is quite another affair! Money is a very scarce article.

Oli. You forget, Sir? Long Annuities, India Bonds, South-Sea?

Con. Forget, Oh no! Can't forget! Never forget! But the terms?

Oli. Shall be of your own dictating.

Con. Humph! That's something—And the security?

Oli. Is surely undeniable.

Con. Oh Lord, Madam! A Ward! Mr. Curfew your guardian! A bill filed in chancery!

Oli.

Oli. I must have money, Sir, of you, or elsewhere.

Con. Must, I own is an imperious gentleman! Tho' I own I have no dislike to his acquaintance; for he is always willing to hear reason and pay for risk.

Oli. To be sure, Sir. (*Aside*) Yes, Dorington; I will bless even usury; since it will afford thee relief—Please, Sir, to step into my apartment, and we will agree on the terms.

Con. I attend you, Madam. But, do now, give the love business a turn in your thought. Pray do! Really I am a jewel! Do wear me in your bosom.

Oli. (*Laughing.*) We should be a charming pair!

Con. A lovely pair!

[*Exeunt.*]

END OF THE FOURTH ACT,

ACT

A C T V.

SCENE I. *The street.*

HAIRBRAIN's lodgings. *A tumult without. Enter fellows neatly dressed, favours in their hats; butchers in white and blue; Drum-major and Drummers. They all sound. HAIRBRAIN looks out at the window.*

Hair. **H**OLLA, Holla, Holla! *(They cease.)*
What the devil is all this hallabal-loo?

Clerk. *(Knocks at the door, a girl opens it.)* Does Edward Hairbrain, Esq. live here?

Girl. Here's an uproar indeed! Who are you? What do you want?

Clerk. Squire Hairbrain.

Hair. This is some damn'd bailiff. Betty! Shut the door! Keep 'em out! I am not at home!

Clerk. Oh, Sir, if you are the gentleman, rare news! Come down! Come down!

Hair. You confounded scheming rascals, I tell you, I am not at home! I know your tricks! You are in masquerade, you dogs!

Clerk. Come down, Sir! Come down!

Hair. Get away, villain! Get away! Or curse me but I will down with you! I have a four-barrelled blunderbuss; and, if you offer to storm my Castellum, damme but I'll pepper you!

Clerk. Nay but hear!

Hair. I'll let fly! I will! I will!

Clerk. (*Retreating*) I am the head clerk at Fleece-
'em's Lottery-office.

Hair. What? Who? Lottery?

Clerk. Yes.

Hair. A Prize?

Clerk. Of twenty thousand pounds!

Hair. Twenty—Take care! Take care! (*De-
scends.*) Where are you? How many have I killed?
Twenty thousand?

Clerk. Sterling-money of Great-Britain!

Hair. You intolerably lucky dog! Your fortune
is made! Twenty thousand! You inanimate scoun-
drels! Why don't you shout? Shout, you dull
dogs! Shout!

Mob. Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Hair. Play, you villains! Harmony! Heavenly
harmony! Silence! Silence, I say! Have you
brought a coach and fix?

Clerk. No, Sir!

Hair. Oh you damned thoughtless street-trotter!

Clerk. But there are twenty on the stand.

Hair. I'll ride in them all! Call 'em every one!
Get within! And without! Upon the roof! Under
the wheels! Mount your fiddlesticks and make a
cavalcade. Five rounds of beef and as many butts
of porter are yours! I'll regale you! Shout, rascals!
—Silence! Once again silence! Be mute, villains,
and obey! I am the Great Mogul! Take me
to my friends! Quick! Quick, you iron-souled
scoundrels! Don't you know he is in distress?

Clerk. Where must we go?

Hair. Brook-street, hound! Brook street! Where
else, wiseacre?—I'll be with him! I told him he
might

might depend upon me. Away! Sing! Shout!
Dance! Be mad, you villains! Away! I come,
Dorington! I come! [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE II. *The house of* DORINGTON.

DORINGTON and HUDSON *with letters.*

Dor. The mistake appears extraordinary!

Hud. Impelled by inexpressible terrors, at the approaching hurricane, I left the island before it happened; and escaped to the ship that brought me to England.

Dor. Of whom, then, did you learn the detail you gave me?

Hud. From various vessels; that all were uniform in their report. I am sorry I have unwittingly been the cause of so painful and false an alarm.

Dor. Think not of the pain.

Hud. The intelligence those letters bring is certain. Sheltered by the high lands, your domains received but little damage; and, from the too general devastation, your crops, which were great, are doubled in value.

Dor. Doubled? No! Let me perish indeed, rather than batten on the general distress! Seek a passage; return with all speed; and deal out, to the necessitous, all the relief my crops and stores can supply. But let your aid itself be cautious, and gradual; else, instead of good, it may be mischievous. [*Exit Hudson.*]

Shouting; and then violent and repeated knocking.

Dor. What does this mean?—Who is there?—How now?—Why John! Harry!

SCENE

SCENE III. *Enter HAIRBRAIN.*

Hair. Dorington!—My friend!—Damme!—I can't speak!—*(Recovers)* Has honest Herbert found you?

Dor. Found me?—No!

Hair. Poor fellow!—I am first! The luck is all my own!—Do you know the extent of your riches?

Dor. No, indeed.

Hair. I'll tell you. I have brought the account. The balance shall be struck instantly. Here.

Dor. What is there?

Hair. Your prize.

Dor. How!

Hair. Among my mad whims, you remember, I one day made you buy a lottery ticket.

Dor. For you?

Hair. For me, while you were rich, and I was poor; but now you are poor, and I am rich, for you. In law and justice it is all your own.

Dor. *(Taking the bills)* Have you got a prize?

Hair. No: but you have.

Dor. I am heartily glad!

Hair. Why that is an honest fellow! That is a good fellow! God blefs you! That is acting like a man! I reverence you!

Dor. Well, but hear!

Hair. You take it without a word. You don't strike your friend dead by a refusal! I reverence you! God blefs you!

Dor. My excellent heart! My thrice noble friend!

Hair. Yes; we are friends! Everlasting friends, since you have not refused me!

L

Dor.

Dor. Listen for a moment!

Hair. Let me go! What the devil do you hold me for? I have ten thousand affairs——Why, zounds! Will you let me go?

Dor. Ned!—Angel-souled mortal! Hear! And, if thou canst, be still more happy than thou art!—I do not want thy money.

Hair. Damme!—Cut my throat!—Use me tenderly, and blow my brains out!

Dor. My estates are not destroyed!

Hair. (*Pause*) I have deserved this!—I refused your money, and you are seeking your revenge!—I deserve it!

Dor. By all that is just and sincere, I am as rich as ever!

Hair. Can you so solemnly assert that which is not?

Dor. Ay, Ned! Ask! Can your friend do that?

Hair. Why—can—may—

Dor. Again and again, I am sincere!

Hair. I can't stand it!—My soul is suffocated! Dorington himself again! Give me some Burgundy!

Dor. And have you a prize?

Hair. Damn my prize!—Give me some Burgundy!—Lend me your arm!—Dorington!

Dor. Ned!

Hair. I can't stand it!

[*Exeunt;*

SCENE IV. *Changes to the hall.*

OLIVIA and Mr. HUDSON entering.

Oli. (*Eagerly*) Then, Sir, you do not know where Mr. Dorington is?

Hud. I am in search of him. Not long since, I left him at home,

Oli.

Oli. I must find him. I am miserable till I have proved I am not what appearances have made me — You brought the fatal news?

Hud. I did; and was anxious to prepare him to support the shock.

Oli. To which, dreadful as it was, I know him equal.

Hud. Till then, I had never beheld, nor had any hope any image of, a mind so tempered; a heart so heroic; a soul so dignified!

Oli. And I, at the very moment when oppression poured upon him, when the brutal, the wolfish, the idiot world deserted and cast him forth, I added insult to outrage!

Hud. His confidence in you was supreme. It seemed even to increase, by the unmanly taunts, and base defection of the sycophants around him. To you he turned, as to the tried friend of all fortunes. The consolation it gave him beamed in his countenance.

Oli. Oh God! Oh God! Could I but atone the injuries I have done thee, Dorington, I should die content.

Hud. Nay, nay, he is still the same. His faith in you is not to be shaken; not even by your own actions.

Oli. They were not my own. The wickedness of fiends is not more hateful to my heart. You, Sir, I know are his tried and trusty agent. Be kind enough to take charge of these bills, and deliver him this letter.

Hud. Pardon me, but I dare not. Neither is it necessary. [Exit.

Oli. He will not, himself, give me such a refusal! His mind is not so narrow! My fortune will not restore him to what he was; but it will do some-

thing. Of revenge he is incapable. Yes! He is above me!

SCENE V. *Enter HAIRBRAIN, half drunk.*

Hair. Your humble servant, fair Lady!

Oli. Sir! Is it you?

Hair. Yes: it's me!

Oli. Have you seen your friend? Where is Dorington?

Hair. Dorington is an ex exquis quis quisite exquisite fellow! The happiest dear dog on earth! And I am still happier!

Oli. Ay, indeed!

Hair. You are—No—I won't tell you what you are—I won't insult a woman. But I am sorry for you.

Oli. Tell me but where he is, and reproach me as bitterly as you please.

Hair. Fie, Madam! I scorn re reproach! I never re reproach the Ladies! Never! But I am sorry for you.

Oli. Well, well, where is Dorington?

Hair. Dorington is a he hero!

Oli. Most true!

Hair. And I am a he hero! I'm a hero! And yesterday, yestday, I thought you as great a he hero as the best of us! So I am sorry for you! Very sorry! I am upon my soul!

Oli. Recollect yourself, I intreat you!

Hair. Re e collect? You don't sup up pose that I am tip ip sy?—See? What did I see? Oh! I could weep a sea, ay and a tea-cup full of tears! A Lady in dis is tress of weather always excites my compass—ion! My passions! It is a mo oving scene! I pity you! pity—pit you pit you against any

any—jil—il—No, damme, Ned, be the Gentleman!

Oli. Shall you see him again this evening?

Hair. To be sure I shall, (*Turns aside*) unless I should happen to get drunk for joy.

Oli. Then be kind enough to give him that letter. (*Going*) From that I hope he will learn the true state of my heart.

Hair. Nay, but stop! Stop! I have something to tell you.

Oli. Concerning Dorington?

Hair. Yes. Great news!

Oli. News! What is it? I intreat you speak!

Hair. Pro ro ro digious news! I can't find utturance!

Oli. Endeavour, pray!

Hair. I do! I do en—end—End? I haven't begun!

Oli. Now!

Hair. His lands and chat—tels were all blown away!—You heard of that?

Oli. I did.

Hair. I know you did! So you you you were blown away too! Ha, ha, ha! Blown away! All blown away!

Oli. Do you laugh at that?

Hair. Yes! Ha, ha, ha! Yes I do! For they are all blown back again!

Oli. Heavens!

Hair. Every stick and stone! All in their proper places! As quiet as lambs!

Oli. Oh happiness! (*Recollecting*) Yes! Happiness for him! But what for me?

Hair. You thought him poor, and treated treated him like a—Be quiet, Ned!—Harkye, if ever you should see me in my cups, fly! Get out of my way!

way! I should say the rudest bit titter—But, while I am sober, I only think—I only think you are a bitter—Oh! In my cups beware of me!

Oli. Even so! Why then he is restored to honour and happiness; and I am fallen into the contempt, the scorn, which motives so mean as those imputed to me would well have merited! And who will believe them other than they have appeared? When he was poor, I seemed to abandon him. Now he no longer needs my friendship, I fly to afford him aid!—It must not be! He is lost. Conduct so abject as this shall never be imputed to me!—And is it thus?—A heart so munificent! A soul so capacious! Manners so gentle! Fortitude so unshaken! Is there no hope? Am I forever cut off from their benignant influence? I am! For ever! He is lost; and annihilation is come upon my soul! [Exit.

Hair. Who is lost? I am not lost! Here am I!—Why don't you speak?—Think of some excuse—I'll plead for you—I am el el elo eloquent, I am eloquent, and he is noble! Noble—So be under no concern, Madam; I, I'll be your messes messmate—Pshaw! Messenger. I'll deliver—Liver? I have the liver hiccup, I believe!

SCENE VI. *Enter DORINGTON.*

Dor. Ned! My dear fellow, where is Olivia?

Hair. Hey day! What the devil! Are you blind? There she stands!

Dor. Where?

Hair. Before your eyes! Can't you see?—Sobbing and crying! Comfort her! Com um come—Go to her! Take pity on her!

Dor. What have you there?

Hair. An Epistle—Ovid—in Arabic—crabbed characters—Thomas! Bring me a wet nap ap kin! A nap ap a nap sob sobers me to a mir-a-cle—for I begin to suspect I am how came you so?—Do you hear both? I leave you to love and—A wet napkin, Thomas!—Make it up! Be charitable Pa a Paphians Pa Pagans and good Christians—Thomas! [*Enter Thomas*] A nap a nap—Be quiet. Damme! Do you think I am drunk?

Dor. Take care of him, Thomas.

Hair. Stand off! You mongrel son of a plate and trencher! Stand off! Dorington! Be merciful! Consider! A woman! Oh the dear sweet creatures! I love 'em from my soul! They are the delight, the—I—I—I'd marry them all! (*Sings*) "With women and wine I defy ev'ry care"—I'd marry them every one!—"For life without these"—Marry them all! All!—"Is a bubble of air"—All!

[*Exit, watched by Thomas.*]

Dor. (*Looks carefully, then surveys the letter with anxiety*) It is sealed! But it is directed to me! In her own hand! Why do I feel this palpitation? Do I then at last suspect her? Oh no! (*Breaks it open and reads.*) "Contemning the fetters of pre-judice I write the pure feelings of my heart. I have been unintentionally guilty of gross injustice, have listened to the malevolent, and have insulted your exalted character. In you I know my actions will meet a very different interpreter. —I expect you. The door—Oh how I scorn my odious conduct!—The door will not be shut in your face."

OLIVIA."

(*Dorington retires.*)

SCENE VII. *Enter OLIVIA.*

Oli. How could I forget the letter! 'Twill seem like

like

like the meanest of cunning. Heavens! What do I see?

Dor. Olivia!!!

Oli. I perceive you have read a letter that was not intended for your perusal.

Dor. Not intended?

Oli. I would have died rather than it should have met your eye. It was to the ruined Dorington. I am incapable of the artifice of which it appears to accuse me.

Dor. Olivia!—Am I the man to accuse you of artifice?

Oli. Oh Dorington! (*She falls on his neck.*)

Dor. My soul! My heart's precious treasure!

Oli. I thought you poor! Abandoned! I have been heart-broken!

Dor. Here hush your fears! Here bury your disquietudes!

Knocking. Enter Footman.

Foot. Colonel Rampart is below.

Dor. Oh, the Major? Shall we see him?

Oli. By all means. [*Exit Footman.*]

Loud knocking. Enter Footman.

Foot. Lady Taunton desires to know if she may be admitted.

Knocking. Another Footman.

Foot. Lord Laroon's compliments, Sir, and asks if you are disengaged?

Knocking. Enter Thomas.

Tho. Sir Pertinax Pitiful's most respectful congratulations; is inexpressibly affected by your return of happiness, Sir, and understanding you were here, requests —

Dor. Hey day! What homily is this?

Knocking.

Knocking. Enter Footman.

Foot. More company, friends of Mr. Dorington, desire to know if you are at home, Madam.

Oli. No!—Yes! But not at leisure to interrupt my happiness by listening to the sneers of malice, or the glozings of hypocrisy.

Dor. My compliments, Thomas, to the Ladies and Gentlemen. In public, as usual, I shall meet them as acquaintance, but never in private treat them as friends!

Tbo. I'll not forget the message, I warrant me.

[*Exit.*

SCENE VIII. *Enter Colonel RAMPART.*

Oli. Colonel, I give you joy of your promotion.

Col. Madam, Dorington is a——Humph? I wish I was an Orator! Do you take me? Humph? Hay? Damme! Humph?

Oli. Yes, yes; I understand you, Colonel.

Col. Dorington—Cæsar and Pompey? Pshaw! I wish I was an Orator!

Oli. I think you are one.

Col. Dorington is my friend. Do you take me? Humph? Were his Majesty to appoint me Generalissimo, I should not be ashamed of my friend; and I hope my friend will never be ashamed of me.

Dor. There is no fear of that, Colonel.

Col. Why, yes——Blow me to——I am a Colonel, thanks to somebody. Do you take me, Madam? Oh, damme, I wish I was an Orator! Humph? Hay? Damme! Humph?

SCENE IX. ANNABEL *timidly at the door:*
HERBERT *pulling her back.*

Her. Why, Annabel! Are thee mazed?

An. I tell thee I will! I know she will forgive us.

M

Her.

Her. Come back, I zay, Annabel! Pize on't!
Come back.

An. I am sure she will forget our ingratitude!

Her. Nay then, an thee will be mulish, let I
speak——Zur——Madam——

Oli. Annabel!

Dor. Herbert!

Her. I be sheamed, mortal sheamed to shew my
face! But Annabel is nought to blame! It's al
the fault of I! Annabel ull break her heart an
you don't vargi' her, Madam.

An. I hope you won't be angry with Herbert;
he meant it all for the best!

Her. (*Afide*) Hold thy tongue, Annabel!——
Ees zure! I meent it al for the best! And zo did
Annabel. I wish I could have zarved you in any
zort! I do wish it wi' al my heart! And so does
Annabel! Don't you, Annabel?

An. Yes! Indeed, indeed I do!

Her. Be quiet! Hold thy tongue, Annabel!——
I would a laid down my life! I would as I am a
Christian zaul, an I could but a helped to a' meade
you both as happy as you do zeem to be: and zo
would Annabel! Wouldn't thee, Annabel?

An. That I would! Oh! That I would! And
I am sure so would Herbert.

Her. Be quiet, Annabel! Zo, as to be zure
you mun be angry wi' I, having fuch good cause,
wherefore I do beg and pray——Kneel, Annabel
——and I do hoape and petition you'll not bear ma-
lice wi' Annabel!

An. Pray——pray forgive Herbert.

Oli. My kind, good girl!

Her. (*To Annabel*) There! I tauld thee I should
compass it!

Oli. My gentle-hearted Herbert!

Her. Eës indeed ! I wouldn't hurt a worm,
not I !

Oli. I love you both !

Her. Do'ee ?

Oli. Dearly !

Her. Do'ee ?——I tould thee I should compass
it, Annabel ! Didn't I now ? Didn't I ?

Dor. And I would love you still better, if I
could !

Her. Would 'ee ?——I—love I ; not Annabel !
I do love she al myzel !——Annabel ! I be half
out o' my wits ! Bifn't thee ?

An. Oh, Herbert !

Her. Hold thy tongue ! I tauld thee I should
compass it !

Oli. Come, come, friends——

Her. There ! Dost thee hear ? Vriends ! I
tauld thee I——

Oli. Husband your raptures ! Let us be sober,
even in our joys. Let us emulate my noble-
minded Dorington ! Be full, yet tranquil, in feli-
city : active, yet smiling, in misfortune ! Let us
reflect on the past for improvement, and meet the
present with equanimity. We shall then obtain
approbation for our good deeds, and indulgence
for our mistakes. [*Exeunt Omnes.*]

THE END.

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Come back.

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[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

THE END.



P R O L O G U E.

TO whining prone, to sighs and sobs and tears,
How much is man the creature of his fears !
Hence grief and lamentation long have been
The serious subject of the comic scene.
Nor knew the hero of the doleful tale
To meet mischance : he knew but to bewail !
Each wind of heaven some swift destruction brought.
The willing slave of every brain-sick thought,
He hunts for woe ! For plagues capitulates !
And those he cannot find he soon creates.
The thousand joys he has are all despised :
The toy he cannot get alone is prized :
Give him but wealth, poor churl, he frets and frowns !
Take it away, poor wretch, he hangs or drowns !
Pursued by phantoms, through life's troubled day,
Coward and fool go with him all the way.

In conscious rectitude confirmed, and bold,
To-night appears a man of different mould :
Who meets misfortune ; fate defies ; and braves
The rolling thunder ; and the surging waves :
Rides safe among the rocks, though tempest-toft,
Where many a tall-built bark lies wrecked and lost.
Poetically rides : but—Thought of fear !
Should one more hurricane o'ertake him, here,
Should bursting yells and howls, from yonder skies,
Bid the wild billows of damnation rise,

Courage

Courage and skill in vain the storm oppose,
He founders in the gulph, and down he goes !

But should you take the helm, and kindly please
To steer, with pleasant gales, through halcyon seas,
The white sails swelling where the zephyrs sport,
Sweet will the plaudits be that welcome him to port.



EPILOGUE.

ONCE more I'm sent, the Poet's Plenipo',
Your high behest, dread Potentates, to know.
Say, mighty Monarchs! how shall I begin
(Oh that I knew the way!) your hearts to win?
That Critics are unjust is falsely rumour'd:
Then smile, dear sweet Sir Gruff! Do look good humour'd!
Must Mr. Bays go hang himself? Declare:
Does he deserve damnation and despair?
In gratitude, return of praise is due:
You can't imagine how he praises you!
He vows, in this most great and wise of ages,
That this whole audience are Saints and Sages!

Yonder sits Solomon! Socrates, there!
One queue'd and powder'd: t'other cropt and bare.
This a most sapient Whig; that a staunch Tory.
Their country's mutual boast! Old England's glory!

The Greek, a student in the school of taste,
Who cultivates the arts by which he's grac'd,
Sports his half-boots; buttons his half-great coat;
And props his chin with wool-pack round his throat:
With bludgeon arm'd, to knock down those that laugh,
He sallies forth—the Bear and ragged staff!

The Jew—Great Houndsditch never saw his peer! —
The cunning Jew, with ev'ry wind can veer.
“ I lend my moneesh, 'cause I lose de Nation
“ I join, mit all my art, to pay taxation.
“ De Var and Peeish to me be quite all von,
“ Give me but von goot shlish from dat great loaf—de
“ Loan !”

Yet do not think, proud sirs, that we shall own
The genius we admire is yours alone.
We claim our share. Our taste, and wisdom too,
Can equal yours: so let us have our due.
We study the antique! Its simple grace
Shines forth in ev'ry form, and ev'ry face!

Thus

Thus Lady Candlewick, Sir John: just knighted,
 Prepares for Court. Like turkey-cock bedighted,
 With rosy gills, red plumage, pink and muslin,
 And scarlet petticoat, the fatten rustling,
 She blazes all abroad ! As if she came
 To set the Presence-chamber in a flame !
 Loaded with dignity, and loops, and laces,
 The prototype of *Wenus* and the Graces.
 Slim as a Porter butt, tall as a Drum,
 With feathers six feet high, behold her come !
 Beef-eaters stand abash'd, fall back and stare ;
 She waddles on with such a Greek, Dutch air !
 None can dispute her elegance, and taste :
 All must allow my Lady has no waist !
 Anxious and proud to captivate beholders,
 Her hips have just join'd issue with her shoulders !

I prate too long ; yet, hear me one word more.
 Shall I defy, petition, or implore !
 Great is your pow'r ; and you know how to use it ;
 None sure would wish, would prompt, you to abuse it.
 Our cause is yours ; to you that cause we trust :
 If merit you perceive, you'll be to merit just.



